

DECEMBER - JANUARY

C

BLUE BOLT

10¢

BLUE BOLT



SCHOOL
SHOW



This Stands for Honorable Service
to Our Country

VOL. 6 NO. 6



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BLUE BOLT FLASHES

The Editors Write:

Hi, Gang!!

Guess you've noticed the emblem on our cover. It's a mighty important one and you should know it by heart. It stands for honorable service to our country and over 13,000,000 men and women will be wearing it. Remember, they have served America well, and have helped protect the things you love . . . your home, your family, and your freedom. Join in saying to them: "Well done, and welcome home!" They're going to be mighty relieved to climb out of their uniforms but it may be an uneasy job to get accustomed to civilian life. We at home must do our best to ease the strain and get them in the groove. Don't let them for a moment be disappointed in the home front they fought so very hard to preserve. Accept them for what they are—Americans who have come home.

Happy days, boys and gals!

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS

Special Letter From Dick Cole

Dear Readers:

My cousin, Young King Cole, is quite a boy. He was graduated from State College after completing the four year course in two and a half years. Now he is with his father's detective agency. You can read about his adventures in the new comic magazine called **Young King Cole** if you are lucky enough to find the copy on your news stand.

Cordially yours,

DICK COLE

P.S. I managed to get my face into a few scenes of the **Young King Cole** story in the Fall issue. Did you see it?

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I like your magazine very much. My favorites are Dick Cole and Sergeant Spook. I like the way you take criticisms. I think you should have some stories about girls IF they are good looking; otherwise I think your magazine is pretty good.

A faithful reader,
Dick Onnen
Des Moines 13, Iowa

We hope you'll think this issue of BLUE BOLT is even better than "pretty good", Dick. How about it?

* * *

Dear Editors:

Out of all the books on the newsstand today, there is not one that even compares to BLUE BOLT. It's so down-to-earth and the stories can just as well take place in my own neighborhood. My favorites are hard to choose, because they're all so good, but I place Dick Cole, Edison Bell, Krisko & Jasper and Fearless Fellers on top. I do wish you'd put in a little more of Blue Bolts and Nuts—they're really swell. Just one other thing—please continue those questions and answers. They're very helpful, and I enjoy learning facts in that way. It's really fun. I'm for BLUE BOLT through and through, as is my mother and sister.

Sincerely,
George Krassner
Long Island City, N. Y.

Our Q's and A's are in to stay, George. Our readers like them enormously.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I just read your latest issue of BLUE BOLT and I think it is wonderful! I enjoy Dick Cole and Edison Bell mostly. The Q's and A's feature is interesting, too.

I think there should be more Blue Bolts and Nuts, though.

A faithful reader,
Jerry Ellis
Jacksonville 6, Fla.

There will be more and more Bluebolts and Nuts, Jerry. Hope you like them.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have been a regular reader of BLUE BOLT since the first issue came out back in 1940. I liked it from the very first, and have continued to enjoy it with each succeeding issue.

I am an amateur cartoonist myself, so I guess that accounts for the fact that I appreciate a magazine containing good art work. And believe me, yours has some of the best. Your artists are really good. Take for instance Jim Wilcox, who draws Dick Cole. His covers are the most realistic I have ever seen on any comic magazine. Tom Gill, who draws Blue Bolt, is a favorite of mine also. While I am on the subject of your artists I might add that I am glad Jack A. Warren has started drawing Krisko and Jasper again. They just weren't the same after he stopped drawing their adventures. You really have a fine staff of artists, and I think the readers should become better acquainted with them, so why don't you run another series of thumb-nail sketches on your artists and writers as you did a few years back? I am sure all the readers would enjoy it.

I am sixteen years of age, and my ambition is to be a professional cartoonist. Who knows, I might some day be drawing for BLUE BOLT! I can dream, can't I?

Yours most sincerely,
Carl May, Jr.
Elkton, Kentucky

Thank you for your excellent letter, Carl. We wish you success in your career as a professional cartoonist.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I read BLUE BOLT every month and I think it is one of the best comic magazines. My favorite is Dick Cole and then comes Blue Bolt. Edison Bell is pretty good, but why does a rich boy always try to take the girls away? I think he could do better without girls. I also think that you should have more Bluebolts and Nuts.

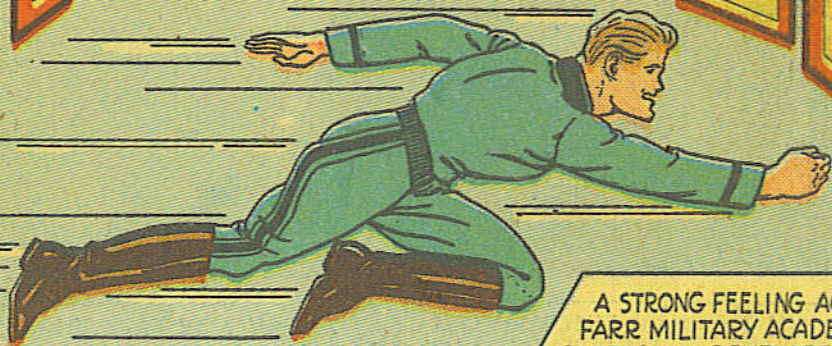
Yours truly,
Jackie Breibart
Charleston 13, S. C.

Don't you think Edison Bell would be less interesting if Pat and Babs weren't around? I'm sure Eddie and Jerry think so, Jackie.

BUY BONDS

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.
\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

DICK COLE



JIM WILCOX

A STRONG FEELING AGAINST FARR MILITARY ACADEMY CADETS HAS DEVELOPED IN THE VILLAGE OF FOUR CORNERS,

SITUATED ON THE PIKE, SOME FIFTEEN MILES FROM THE ACADEMY. THIS FEELING HAS BEEN SECRETLY PROMOTED BY ONE AL EVANS, HEAD OF THE YOUNG SPORTS' ATHLETIC CLUB OF FOUR CORNERS.

IT IS SATURDAY, AND A HALF HOLIDAY AT FARR M.A. WE FIND A GROUP OF FARR CADETS IN FOUR CORNERS, DISCUSSING THE MOVIE BILLS OFFERED.

LET'S SEE "BRONK BAILEY OF RED GULLEY" AT THE CRITERION.

NAW--THOSE WESTERNS ARE OLD STUFF, NATE.

OH, YEAH? WELL I LIKE WESTERNS, TOO.

THE AJAX HAS A DANDY SHOW, "BOMBERS AWAY."

MEL'S GOT IT! ME FOR THE AJAX!

LOOK, TIME'S TODDLIN'. OTTO AND I'LL GO TO THE CRITERION--YOU DRUGSTORE FLYERS GO TO THE AJAX.

OKAY, WE'LL MEET AT PETE'S EATS, AFTER THE SHOW FOR A SODY, THEN CATCH THE FIVE O'CLOCK BUS BACK TO SCHOOL.

YOU'RE ON--LET'S GO.

Editor and General Manager—ROBERT D. WHEELER

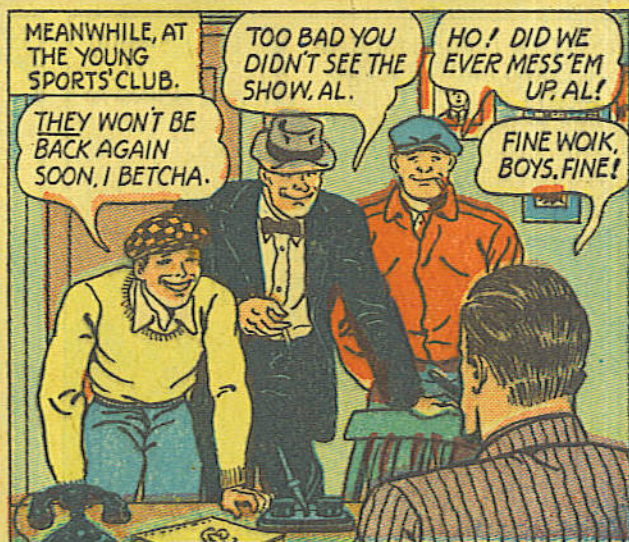
Art Director—MEL CUMMIN

Associate Editor—PEGGY ANN CROWLEY

Managing Editor—JANE SPAULDING NYE

Editorial Assistant—HELEN DOIG SCHMIDT

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AND BACK AT FARR M.A. DICK COLE STARTS FOR FARR JUNCTION.

GUESS I'LL GO CROSS COUNTRY... JUST TIME TO WALK THERE AND BACK BY MESS. HEY! WHO'S THAT?

WELL! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU BEDRAGGLED GENERALS! WHY THE SNEAK-IN ACT?

HEY, IT'S DICK COLE!

MAY WE SEE YOU FOR A FEW MINUTES?

WAIT'LL YOU HEAR WHAT HAPPENED, SIR!

...AND THAT'S THE STORY, SIR. NOW, WHAT DO YOU ADVISE?

KIND OF GRIM GOING, I'D SAY. YOU CAN COUNT ON ME TO EVEN THE SCORE. MEANWHILE GET TO YOUR ROOMS AND CHANGE.

THIS ROUGH STUFF WITH FARR CADETS BURNS ME UP! IT'S GOT TO STOP! HM-M-M..... AH! I THINK I'VE A GOOD PLAN. I'LL SEE SIMBA, NOW.

YES, DICK, I AGREE. I'M SURE AL EVANS AND HIS YOUNG SPORTS' ATHLETIC CLUB ARE RESPONSIBLE. UNTIL THAT CLUB WAS FORMED A YEAR AGO, ALL WAS JAKE IN FOUR CORNERS.

WELL, SIMBA, YOU AND I... ARE GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.... AH, MESS CALL. CONTINUED LATER!

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, THE OFFICE OF THE Y.S.A.C.

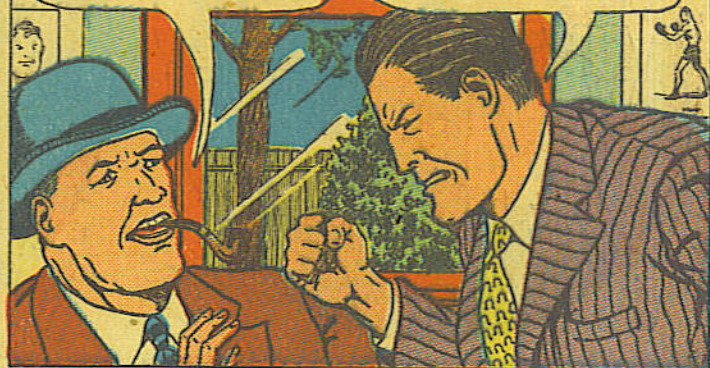
SAY, AL, I HEAR YOUR BOYS DID A JOB ON SOME FARR CADETS YESTERDAY. UH, WHY ARE YOU SO DOWN ON 'EM, AL? THEY'RE HARMLESS, AND THEY SPEND DOUGH IN THIS TOWN.

WHY?... WELL, I'LL TELL YOU WHY!

LUKE, I HATE ALL CADETS AND ALL MILITARY SCHOOLS! MY SON WAS KICKED OUT OF HILTON M.A. AND THEN OUT OF WILSON M.A. FOR WHY? 'CAUSE I AIN'T NO BLUE BLOOD WITH A MILLION BUCKS! MY BOY AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR THEM MILITARY SNOBS... SEE?!

BUT, AIN'T YOUR BOY AT THE REFORM FARM RIGHT NOW? MAYBE THE MILITARY SCHOOLS AIN'T ENTIRELY TO BLAME. HEY! GO EASY!

SAY THAT AGAIN AND I'LL KNOCK YOU COLD! THEM SCHOOLS TRIED TO...TO BREAK HIS SPIRIT, THEY DID! THAT'S WHY HE'S IN TH-- COME IN!!



MR. EVANS? THIS IS SIMBA KARNI. I AM DICK COLE... FARR MILITARY ACADEMY. MAY WE SEE YOU FOR A MOMENT?

WELL I'LL BE @!#! SHUT THE DOOR..... WHAT'S EATIN' YOU TWO?



MR. EVANS, THIS TROUBLE BETWEEN YOUR CLUB AND FARR CADETS IS NOT GOOD, AND IS GETTING WORSE. FARR CADETS HAVE A RIGHT TO COME TO FOUR CORNERS! THEY BEHAVE THEMSELVES, SIR!

YEAH? COME TO THE POINT!



MR. EVANS, YOUR SPORTS CLUB STANDS FOR TRUE SPORTSMANSHIP, OF COURSE! WELL, HERE'S MY PROPOSITION- IF YOU ACCEPT, THIS SITUATION WILL BE ALL CLEARED UP!... YOU WILL CHOOSE SOME ONE TO REPRESENT YOUR CLUB

FARR WILL SEND A MAN TO MEET HIM IN ANY SPORT YOU NAME. IF FARR WINS, FARR CADETS CAN COME TO FOUR CORNERS, UNMOLESTED. IF WE LOSE, WE STAY OUT OF YOUR TOWN.

FOLKS, IF I KNOW AL, THAT KID'S LETTIN' HIMSELF IN FOR SOMETHIN'!



HM-M-M. I THINK YOU GOT SOMETHIN' BUT WHERE'LL WE HOLD THE CONTEST, AND, HOW'LL I KNOW YOU CADETS'LL STAY AWAY, IF YOU LOSE?

HOLD IT HERE AT YOUR CLUB, AND, AS PRESIDENT OF THE CADET COUNCIL, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT FOUR CORNERS IS OUT OF BOUNDS—
IF WE LOSE!

OKEH...IT'S A DEAL. HOW 'BOUT 'RASSLIN'? NICE, CLEAN, SPORT.

WRESTLING? FINE! WHEN, AND AT WHAT TIME? IT CAN'T BE DURING SCHOOL HOURS.

SAY...NEXT SAT'DAY NIGHT? BOUT TO START EIGHT O'CLOCK, SHARP. WHO'S YOUR CHAMP?

I'LL BE HERE AT SEVEN FORTY FIVE, WITH SIMBA FOR MY SECOND. GOOD DAY, MR. EVANS.

AFTER DICK AND SIMBA LEAVE.

HEH, AL!

DON'T FRET, LUKE. I GOT A GUY WHO WILL TAKE HIM APART. AFTER NEXT SAT'DAY, YOU WON'T SEE NO FARR CADETS AROUND HERE.

THAT DICK COLE IS SOME ATHLETE! WHO YOU GOT IN THE CLUB YOU CAN PUT UP WHO CAN TAKE HIM?

BACK AT FARR.

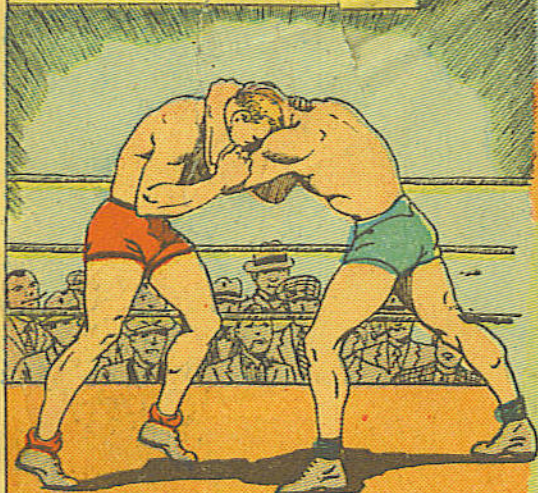
WELL, SIMBA, IT MEANS WE MIGHT LOSE SATURDAY NIGHT, BUT IT'S WORTH THE GAMBLE.

YOU SAID IT DICK! WHO D'YOU THINK WILL BE PUT UP AGAINST YOU?

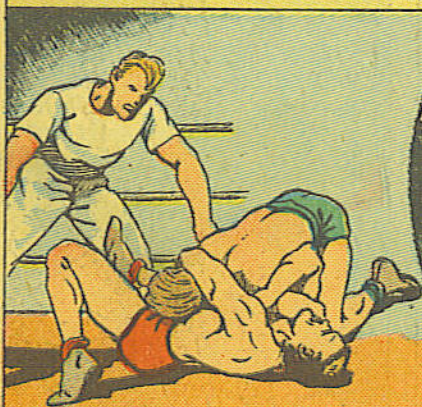
8:00 PM THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY NIGHT—

IN-TRO-JOOCIN, ON MY LEFT, DICK COLE OF FARR MILITARY ACAD-OMEE...ON MY RIGHT, YOUNG TAU-RUS, CHAMP FOR THIS CLUB! BEST TWO OUT O' TREE FALLS--NO HOLD BARRED!

THE GONG SOUNDS - THE MATCH IS ON -



DICK OBTAINS THE FIRST FALL IN 23 MINUTES FROM THE ARM AND LEG HOLD.

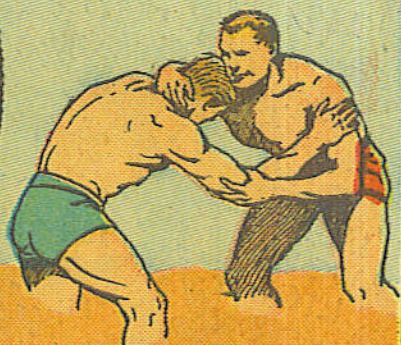


HE'S
PLENTY
TOUGH,
ISN'T HE,
DICK?

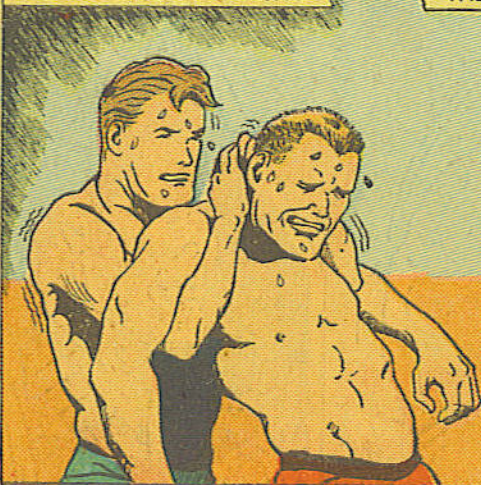
YEAH.
IT'LL BE
NO CINCH
TO GET THE
SECOND FALL.



THE MATCH IS RESUMED -



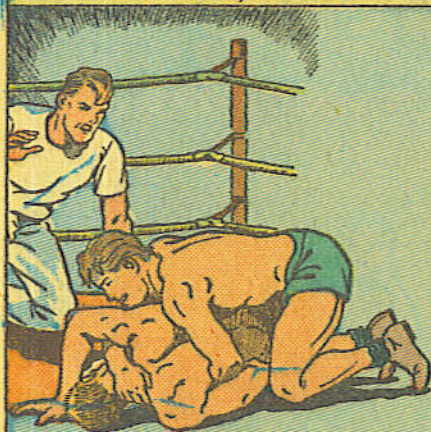
AFTER 30 MINUTES, YOUNG TAURUS IS VISIBLY TIRING -



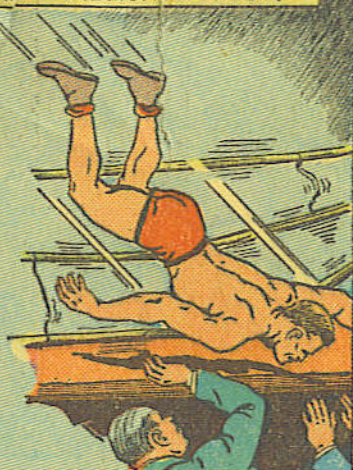
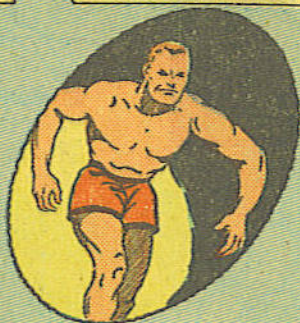
DICK BECOMES A BIT CARELESS, AND YOUNG TAURUS OBTAINS THE SECOND FALL WITH THE CHANCERY AND BAR HOLD.



BOTH BOYS ARE TIRED AS THEY GRAPPLE FOR THE 3RD, AND WINNING FALL.



FINALLY, YOUNG TAURUS CHARGES-MISSES-PLUNGES THROUGH THE ROPES, AND -THE LIGHTS GO OUT!



HEY! LIGHTS!

WHAT THA?!

LIGHTS!
LIGHTS!

HOLD EVERYTHING!

GUS! SEE WHAT'S WRONG!

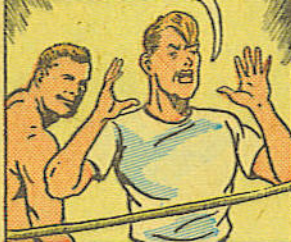
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

LIGHTS!
WE WANT LIGHTS!

YEE-OW!

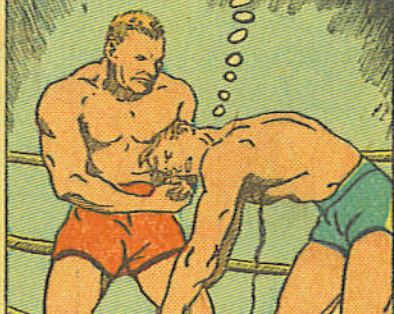
30 SECONDS LATER THE LIGHTS FLASH ON AND YOUNG TAURUS CLIMBS BACK INTO THE RING.

QUIET! QUIET! SOMETHING WENT WRONG WIT' TH' WIRIN' GENTS! WE RESOOM THA' MATCH!



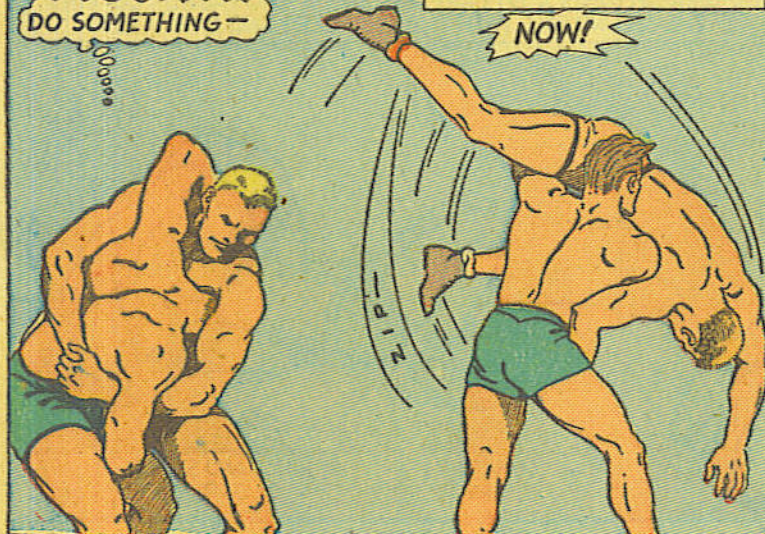
20 MINUTES OF FIERCE GRAPPLING-

HOLY COW! HE'S GETTING STRONGER, I'M GETTING WEAKER BY THE MINUTE! I'LL HAVE TO-



DO SOMETHING—

NOW!



HEY! FOUL! THAT AINT LEGAL! FOUL!

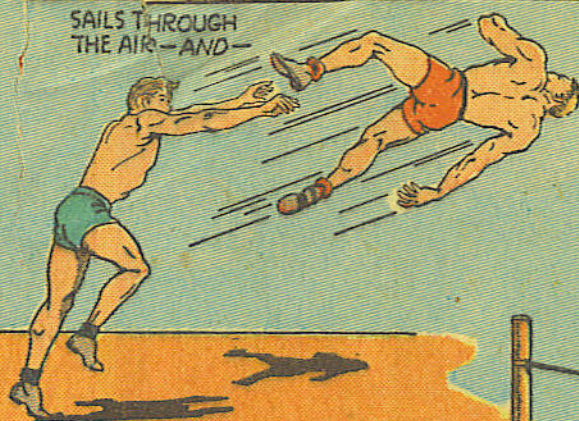


QUESTION No. 4. What constitutes a "fall" in American wrestling?

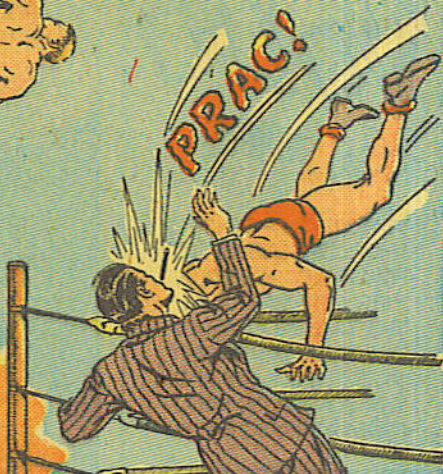
AS AL EVANS
CLAMBERS ON
TO THE RING
APRON, TO
HOWL HIS
PROTEST,
DICK, WITH A
FINAL WHIRL,
RELEASES
YOUNG
TAURUS
WHO



SAILS THROUGH
THE AIR—AND—



PRAC!



YOW! BOTH
OUT COLD!

COLE
WINS!

THAT
CADET'S
GOOD!

CARRY 'EM OUT,
BOYS.



THE WINNAH!



BOO! HSSSS ROBERT! BA-AW HSSSS PFT!

LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE CLUB

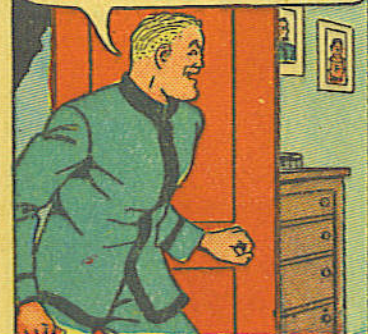
HERE'S YOUR DOUGH, AND IT'S ROBBERY
TO TAKE IT, YOU PIP-SQUEAKS! WHEN
TWO LUGS LIKE YOU CAN'T TAKE ONE
FARR CADET, WHY... PAH! GET OUT!



FARR MILITARY ACADEMY, A WEEK LATER.

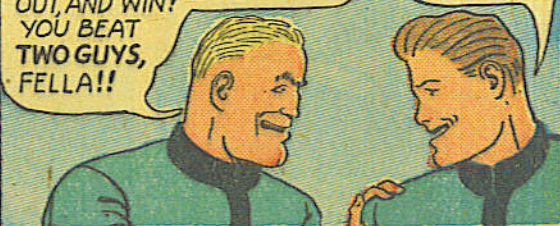
DICK! I'VE GOT NEWS! I JUST
LEARNED THAT YOU WRESTLED
TWO GUYS AT THE SPORTS
CLUB! TWO GUYS... TWINS!

I--UH--TWO-
TWINS!?!
WHAT--HOW-
GIVE, YOU
BUM, GIVE!



LOOK, YOU WERE BEATING
YOUR OPPONENT, TWIN ONE,
WHEN HE DIVES THROUGH
THE ROPES AND POW! OUT
GO THE LIGHTS! IN THE DARK,
TWIN TWO SUBSTITUTES
FOR TWIN ONE! YOU LAY HIM
OUT, AND WIN!
YOU BEAT
TWO GUYS,
FELLA!!

NO WONDER IT
WAS SUCH A
RUGGED GO!
GOSH, I WAS
AFRAID I
WAS GETTIN
DECREPIT!



WASTE FATS, PAPER, WAR BONDS AND STAMPS--ALL ARE
NECESSARY TO THE WAR EFFORT, GANG! LET'S GO!

VOLTO

FROM MARS

VOLTO'S OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD MAGNETIC POWERS CONQUER A FIERY INFERNO IN THE TIMBERLANDS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST ... SAVE JIMMY AND THE JUNIOR RANGERS FROM A TRAGIC FATE.

IT SURE IS GOOD TO HAVE YOU AN' THE BOYS UP HERE, VOLTO. I'M MIGHTY SHORT OF HELP!

WE'RE MIGHTY GLAD TO BE HERE, WARDEN.

HEY! I SMELL SMOKE!

IT'S COMIN' THIS WAY! QUICK, BOYS! LET'S GET ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT STREAM!

BUT TOO LATE! GIANT FLAMES LEAP THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THE AIR... THE HEAT IS UNBEARABLE...

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

HELP! THE TREE'S FALLING ON ME!

AND THEN, IN THE NICK OF TIME, VOLTO CALLS UPON HIS SUPERHUMAN, MAGNETIC POWERS...

LOOK! WHEN I SAY "VOLTO!" MY LEFT HAND REPELS...

VOLTO

JIMMY IS SAVED, BUT THE FIRE RAGES ON. SO...

AND NOW TO PUT OUT THE FIRE! WATCH! MY RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS!

YOU SAVED US, VOLTO! AND PRICELESS LUMBER, TOO, WHICH OUR COUNTRY NEEDS!

AND LATER-AT THE CAMP...

NOW FOR NEW ENERGY! WE MARS-MEN MUST RECHARGE OUR MAGNETISM WITH WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ONCE A DAY.

WELL, WE'VE GOT THE DANDIEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ON EARTH RIGHT HERE IN CAMP- GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!

SAY! THIS IS GREAT! I THINK I'LL TAKE SOME UP TO MARS!

WELL, VOLTO, WE CAN'T BE MAGNETIC LIKE YOU - BUT WE CAN GET NEW ENERGY WITH SWELL-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!

Grape-Nuts Flakes
WHOLE GRAIN

COPY 1945, GENERAL FOODS CORP.

FEARLESS FELLERS

STOP!

By
Joe Donohoe



HEY, FELLERS!
LOOK WHAT MY
FATHER GAVE ME
TO KEEP ME OUT
OF TROUBLE!

A PRINTING
PRESS! WE
CAN PRINT A
NEWSPAPER!

GEE!



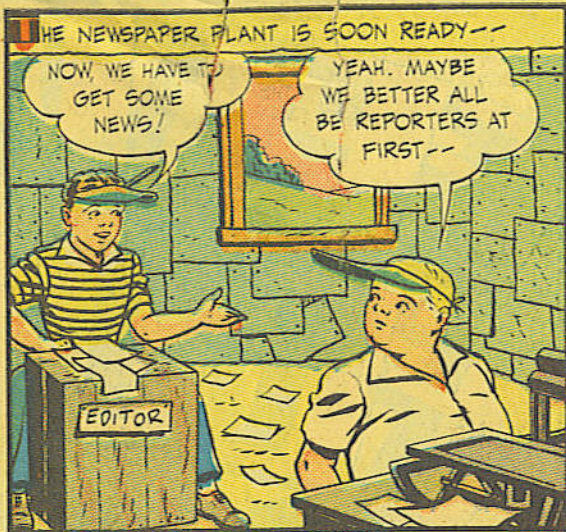
SURE, WE'LL
CALL IT THE
FEARLESS NEWS!

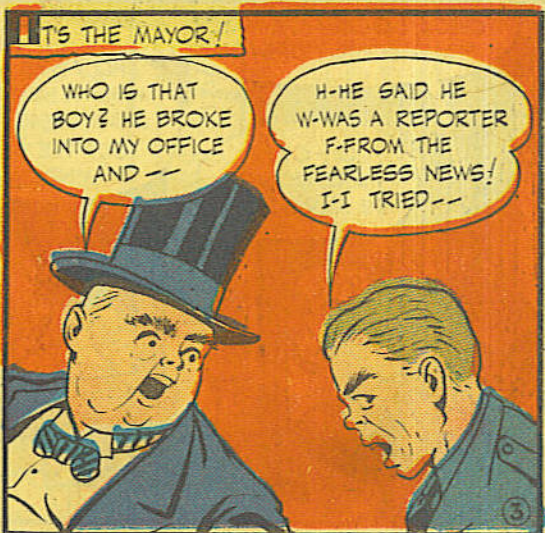
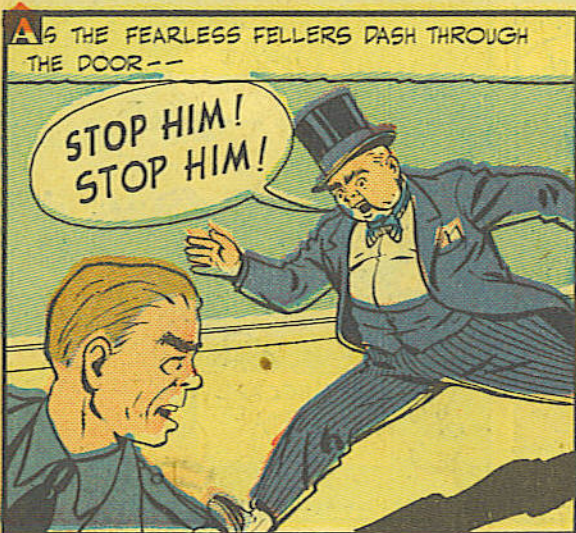
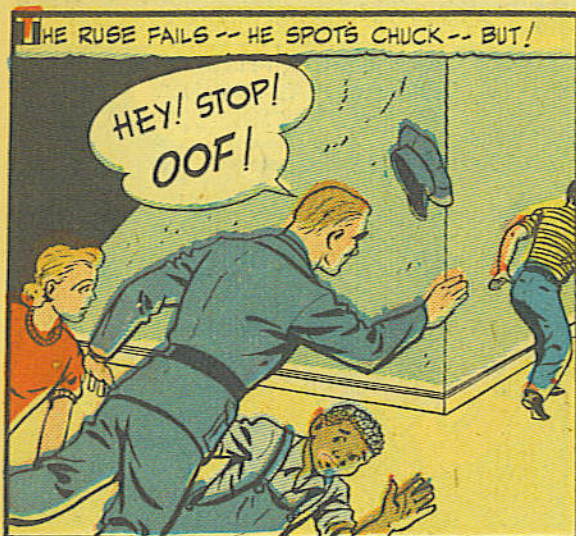
I'LL BE
THE EDITOR!

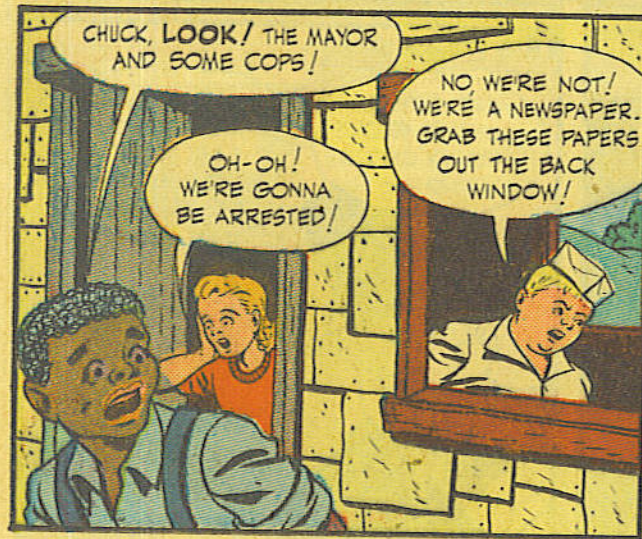
I'M GONNA
BE A
REPORTER!

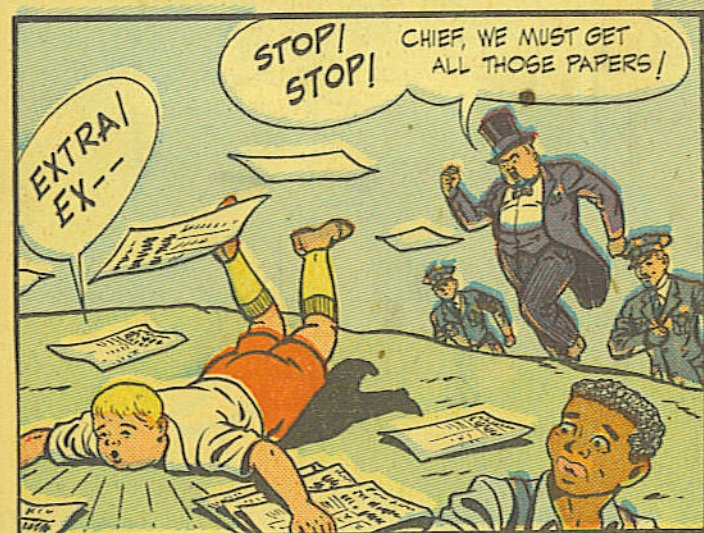


WITH WAR BONDS WE ARE SURE TO WIN
HOLD EVERY ONE, DON'T TURN THEM IN









SOME JURY.

PRISONER! STEP TO THE BAR.

YES, SIR!

THE JURY FINDS YOU GUILTY!

HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY IN YOUR DEFENSE?

WELL ----

I KNOW YOU'RE TOO INTELLIGENT TO BE INFLUENCED BY WHAT THOSE DOPE'S SAY!

FLOP!

Why Everybody Goes for FLEERS!

IT'S GUM AND CANDY, TOO!

OOPS!

ICY WHITE, LIKE ME!

WAS THAT TRIP NECESSARY?

GUM IN ITS NICEST FORM

THAT EXTRA PEPPERMINT FLAVOR IS MIGHTY SWELL!

OH BOY-
12 PIECES
FOR A NICKEL!

WHOOH!
I'M FALLING
FOR FLEERS,
TOO!

FIVE CENTS
FLEERS
Candy Coated
GUM
PEPPERMINT
TWELVE PIECES

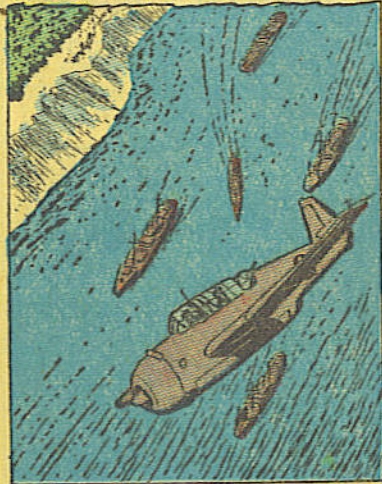
BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



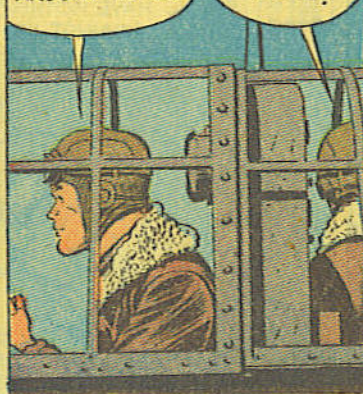
TOM GILL

BBLUE BOLT HELPS PROTECT A CONVOY NEAR THE ALEUTIANS.



WE'RE ALMOST AT OUR BASE, CHARLIE! THERE WON'T BE ANY JAP SUBS AROUND HERE!

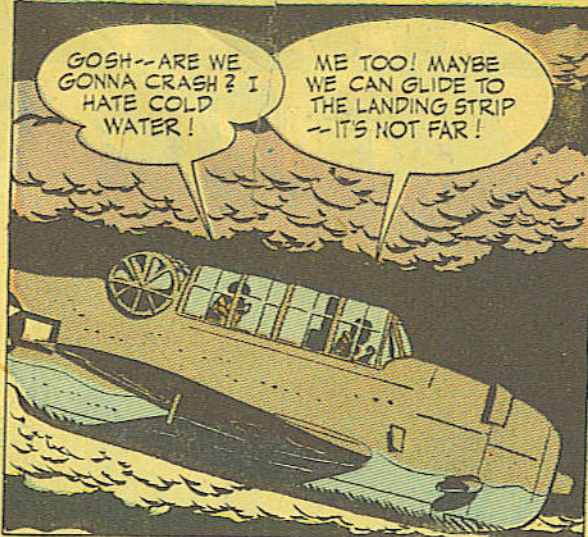
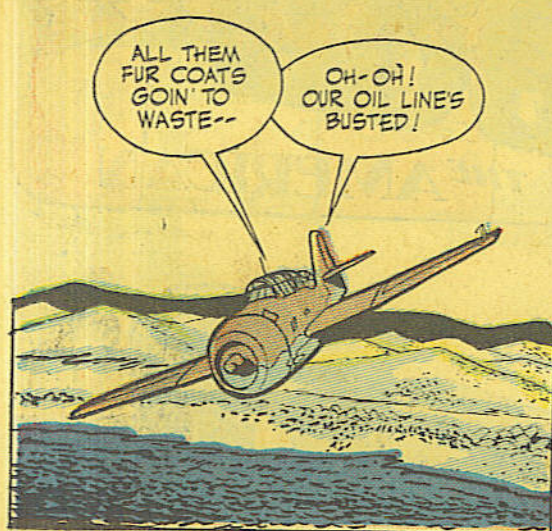
YEAH, LOOKA THE SEALS TAKIN' IT EASY DOWN THERE!



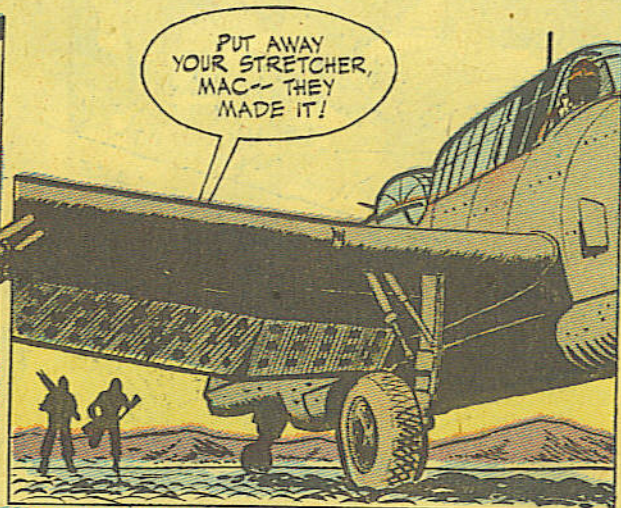
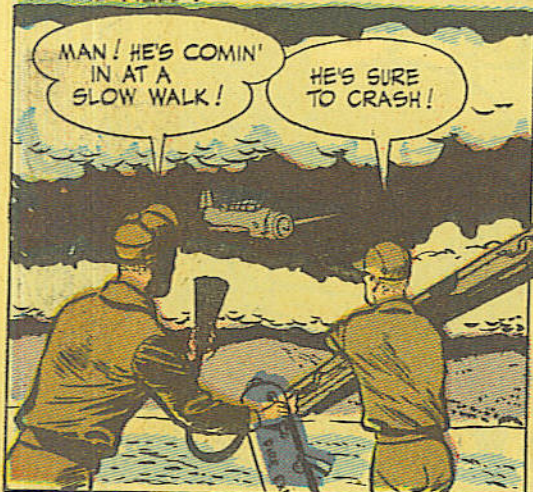
THOUSANDS OF 'EM, LOAFIN' AND SUNNIN' THEMSELVES-- NO WAR TO MESS UP THEIR LIVES!

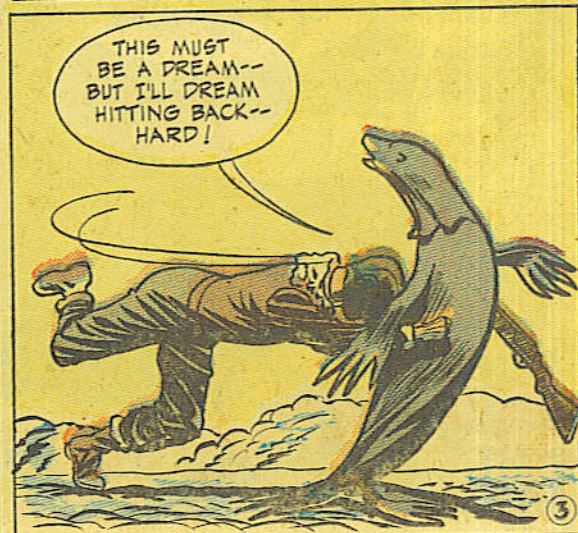


WAR BONDS BOUGHT AT EVERY CHANCE
ARE SURE TO HURRY OUR ADVANCE

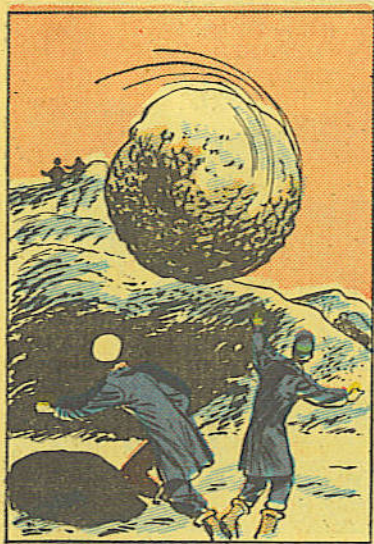
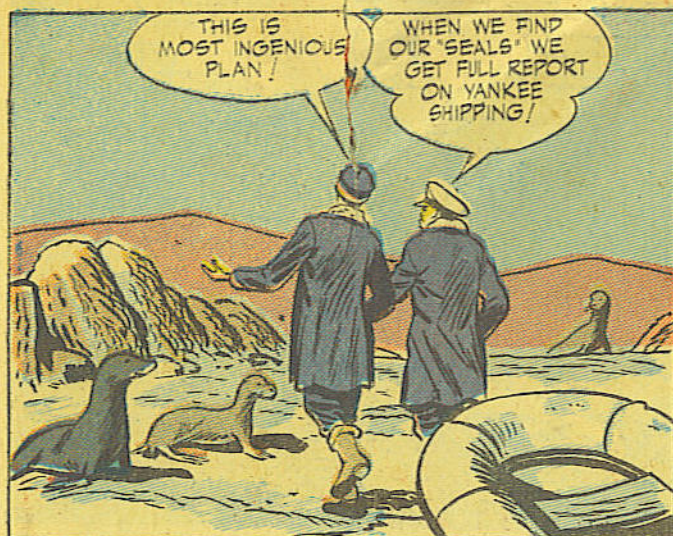


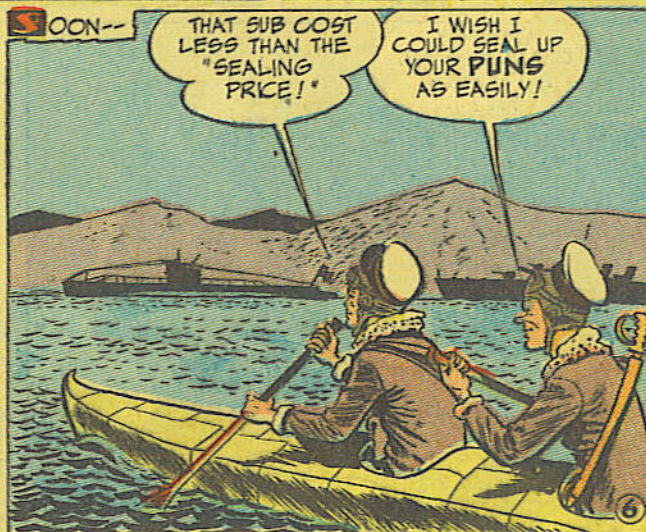
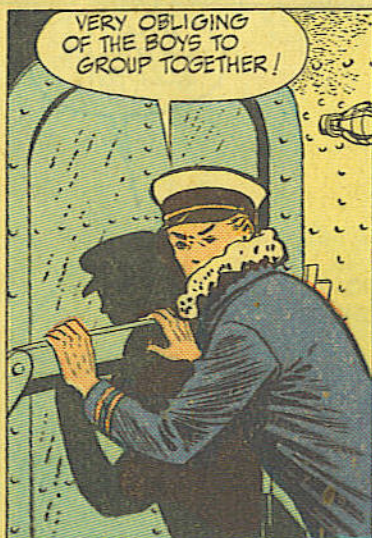
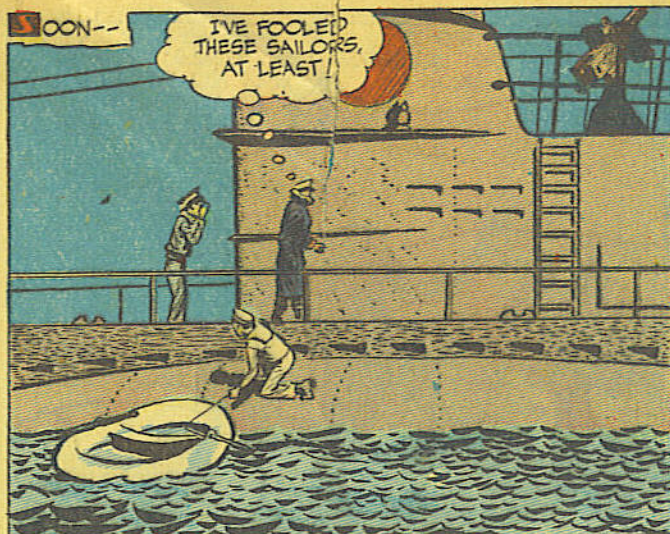
B BLUE BOLT GLIDES THE CRIPPLED PLANE TO THE FIELD!







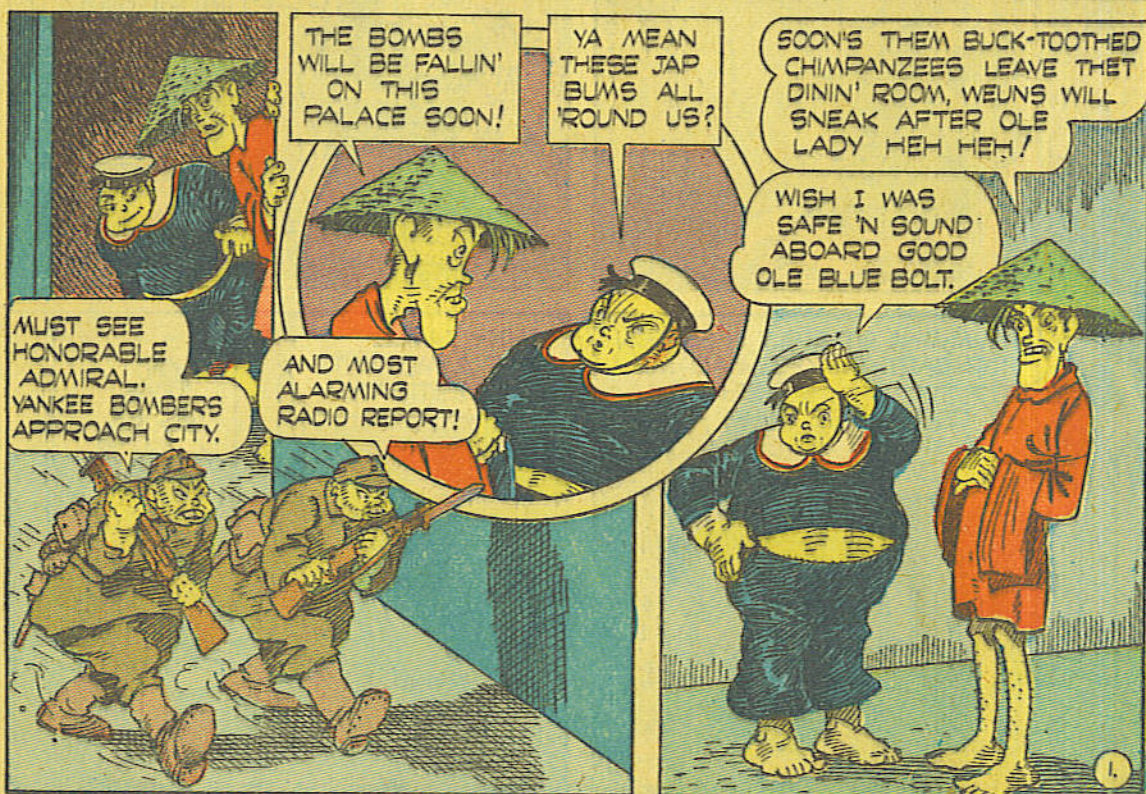




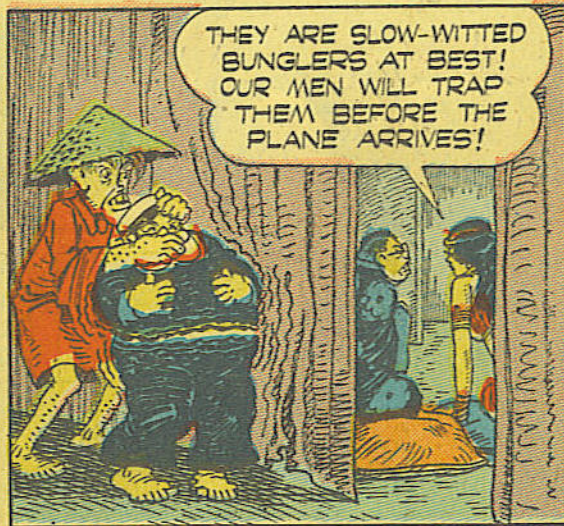
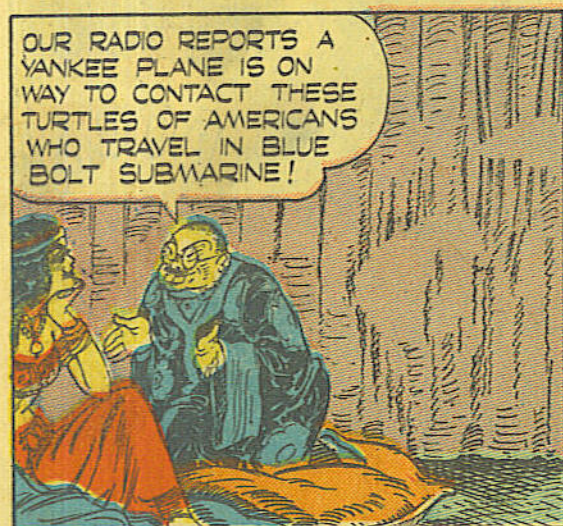
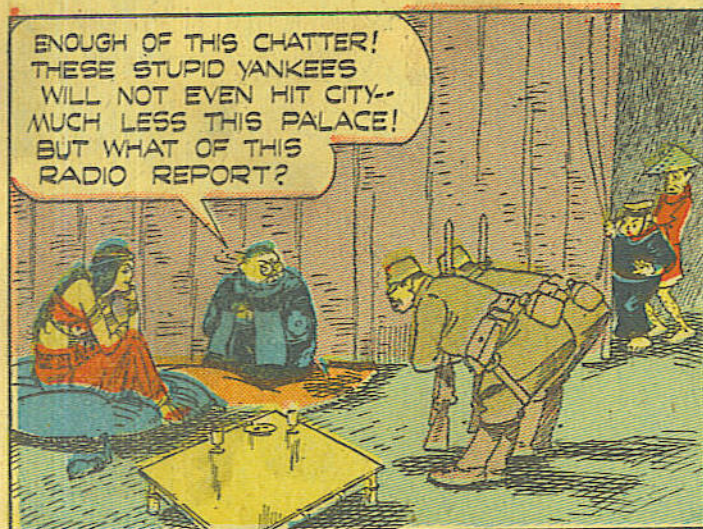
IF YOU WANT A WORLD THAT'S FREE
BUY WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY

Krisko AND Jasper

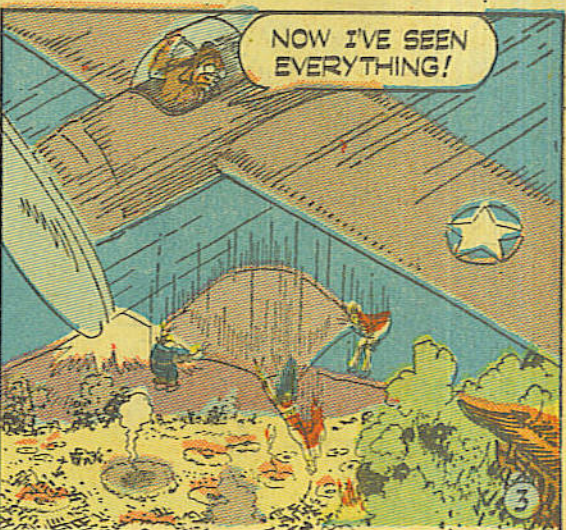
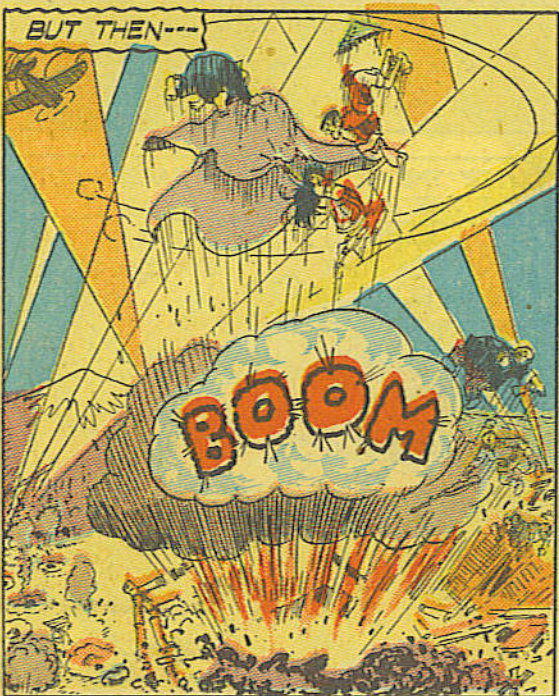
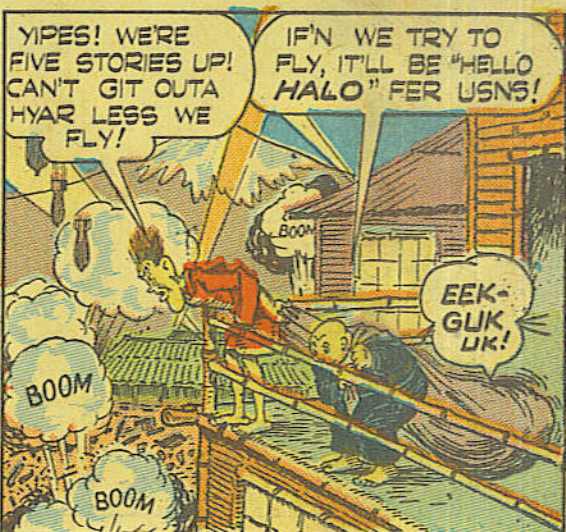
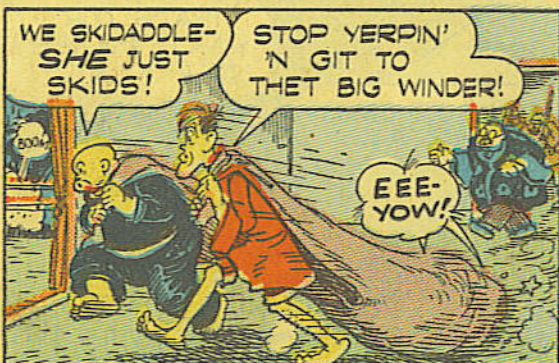
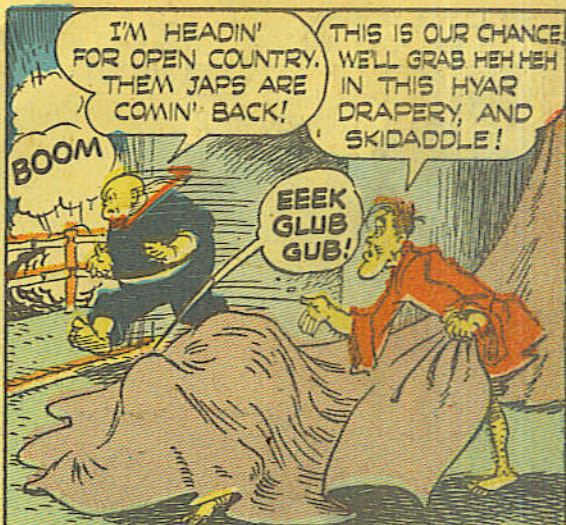
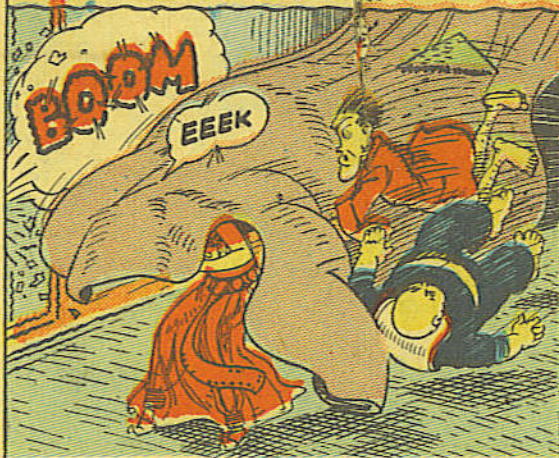
WE LEFT KRISKO AND JASPER
JUST AS THEY DISCOVERED
THAT THE MYSTERIOUS HEH HEH
IS A BEAUTIFUL EURASIAN GIRL.
WE FIND THE BOYS STILL
OUTSIDE THE DINING HALL IN A
JAPANESE PALACE WHERE HEH HEH
IS DINING WITH THE JAP ADMIRAL!

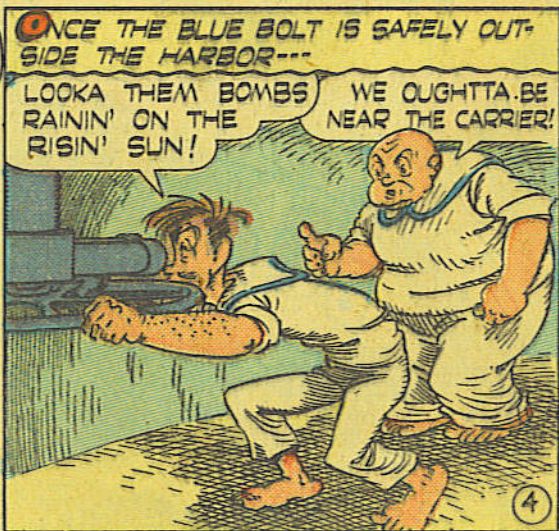
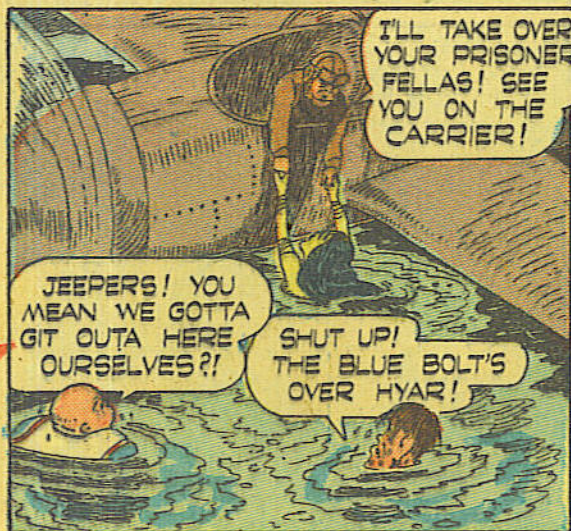
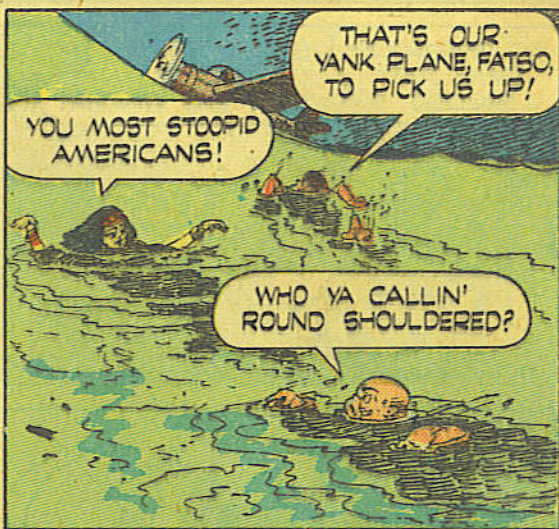
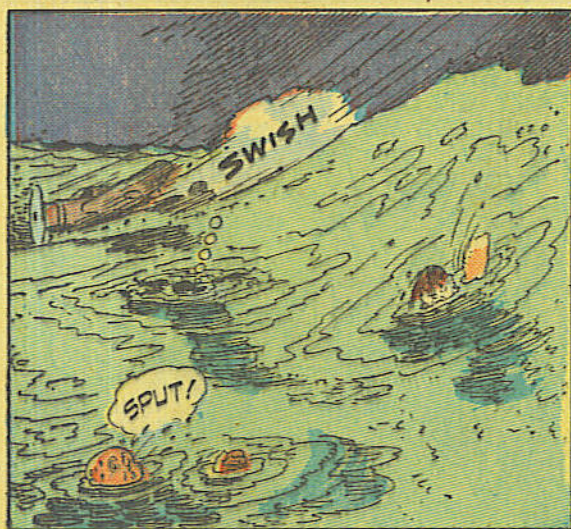
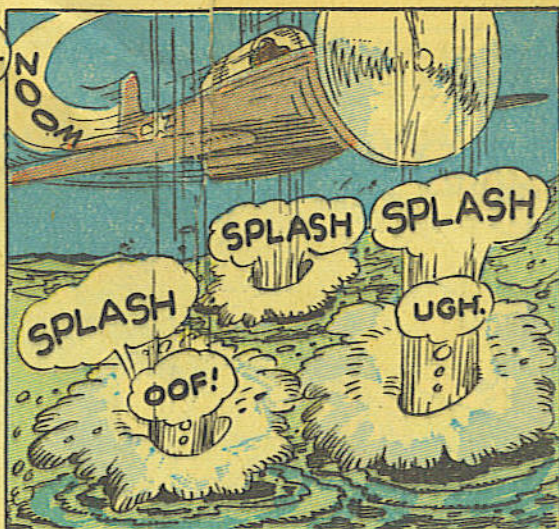
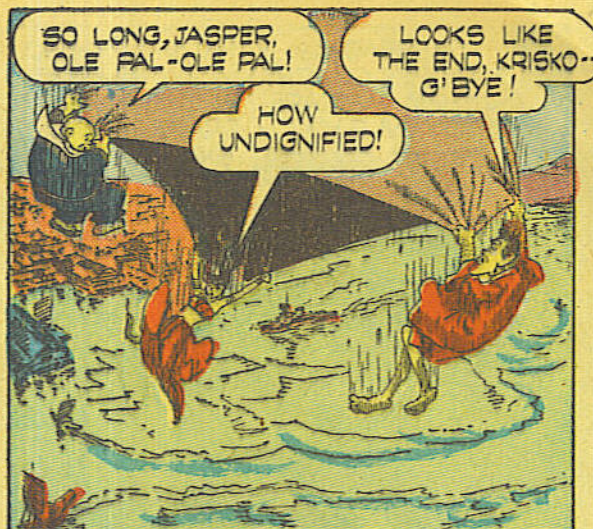


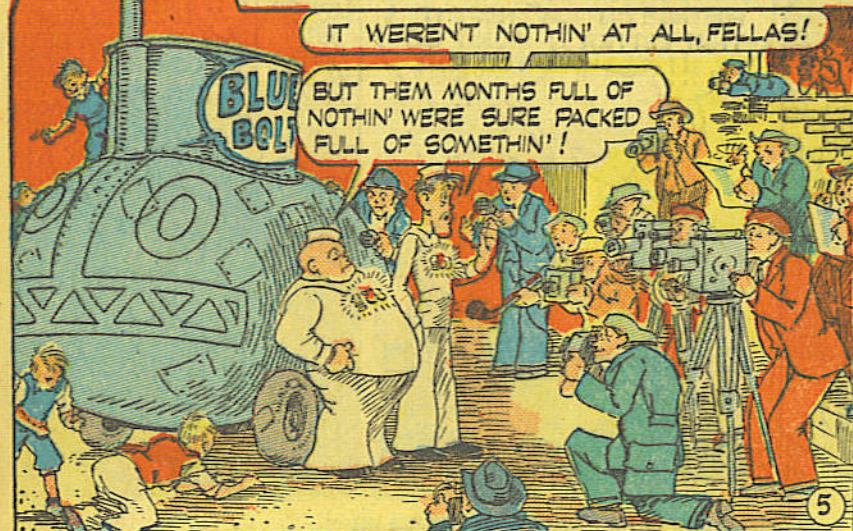
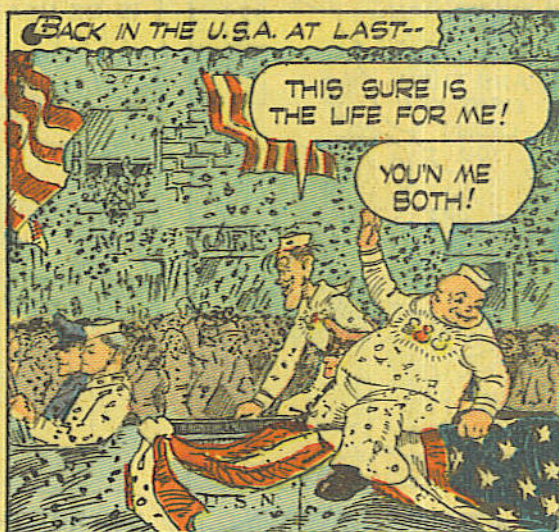
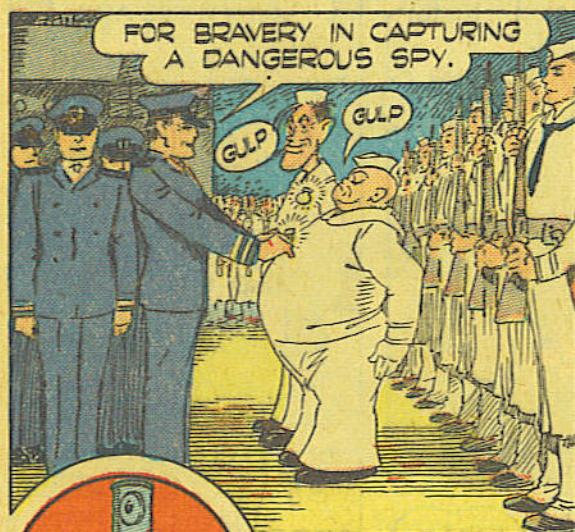
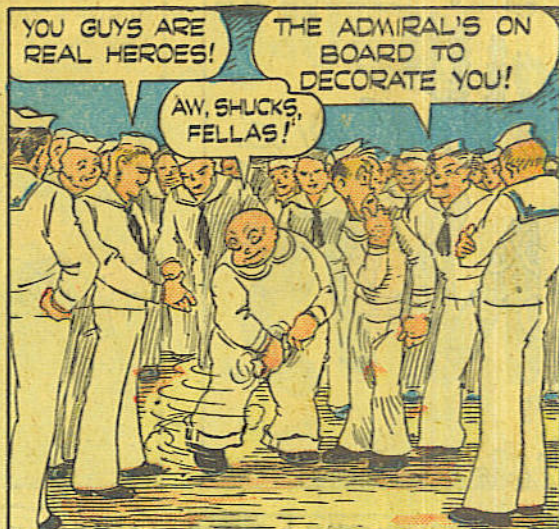
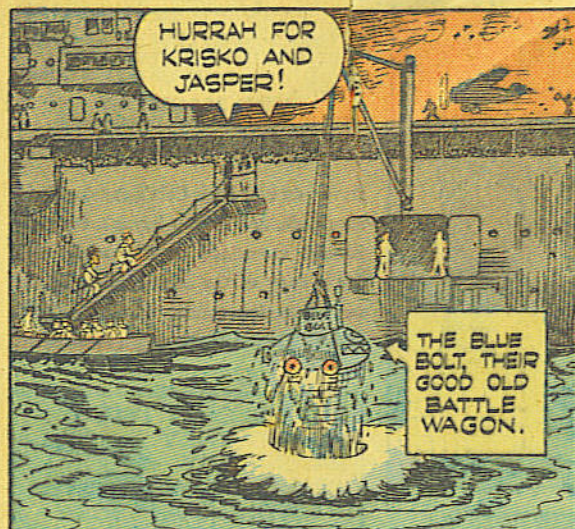
OUR EDUCATION WE CAN'T SHIRK
LET'S ALL PREPARE FOR FUTURE WORK



JUST AS THE ADMIRAL LEAVES, THERE'S A SLIGHT DISTURBANCE...









TRICKY MATCHBOX

Place it on the back of your hand and say the Magic Word
and... (see below)

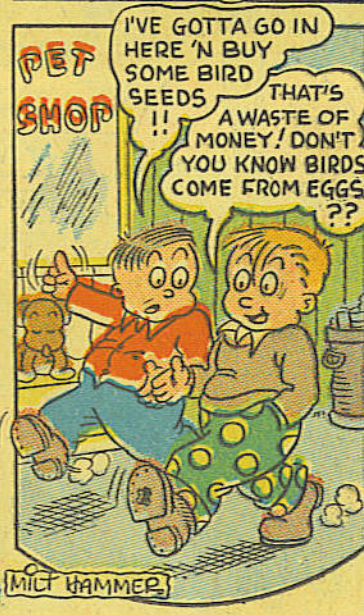
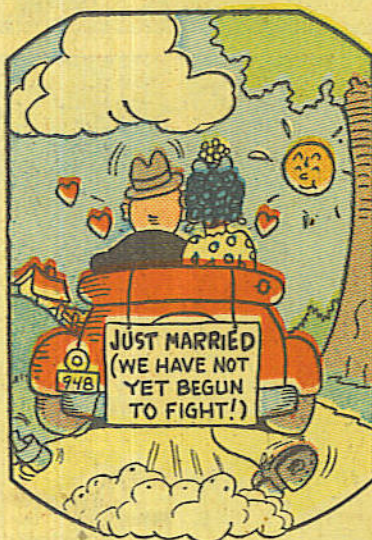
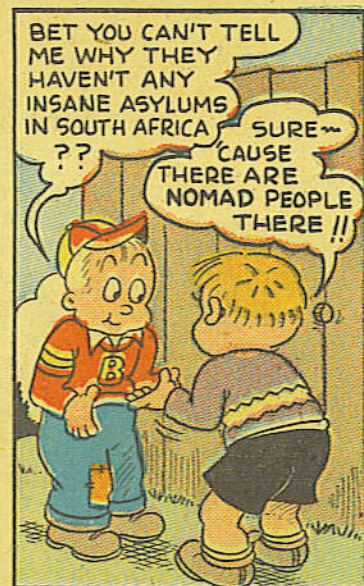
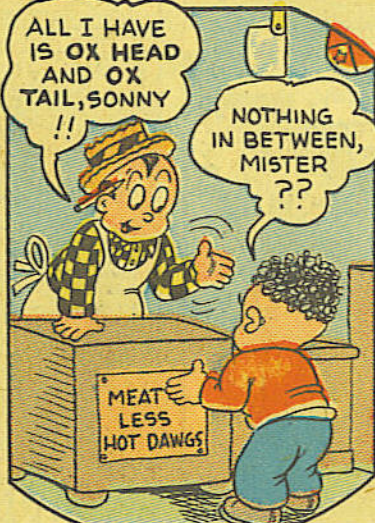
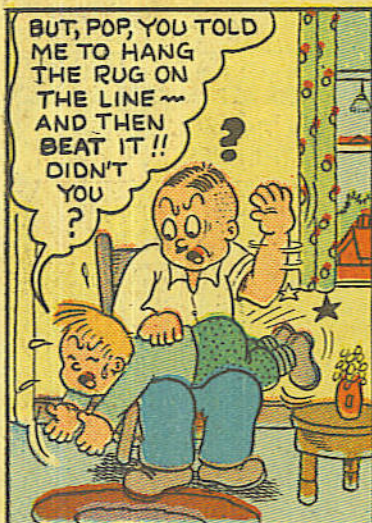
IT TURNS COMPLETELY AROUND!
IT STANDS! IT OPENS!

A magical sensation... Complete with Easy to do directions,
25¢ postpaid.

THE MAGICIAN

MK-2443 Kensington Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Have you met Dick Cole's cousin, King-
ston Cole, Jr.? If you haven't, try your
nearest newsstand on November 14th
for a copy of the second issue of the
new detective comic, **YOUNG KING
COLE**. They sell fast—so get there early.

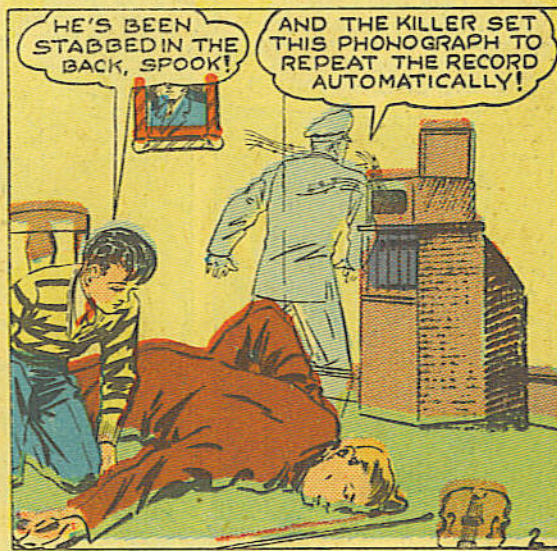
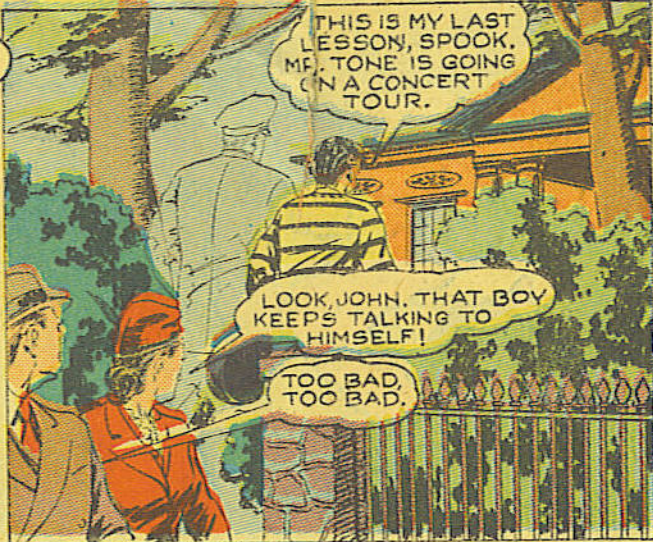


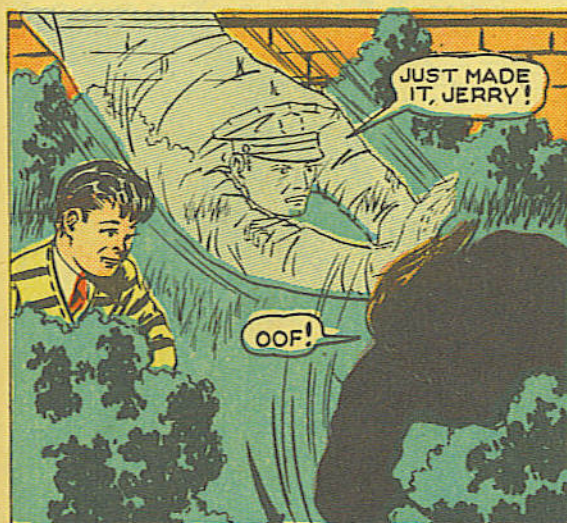
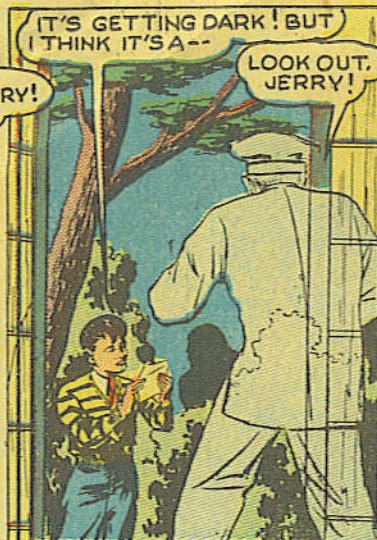
THE FIGHT IS ON. THERE'S MUCH TO DO
WE AT HOME MUST PITCH IN, TOO

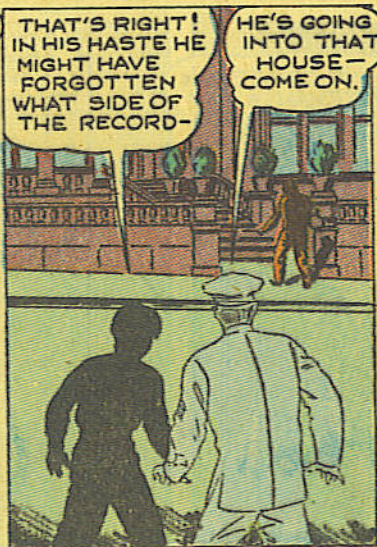
Sergeant Spook

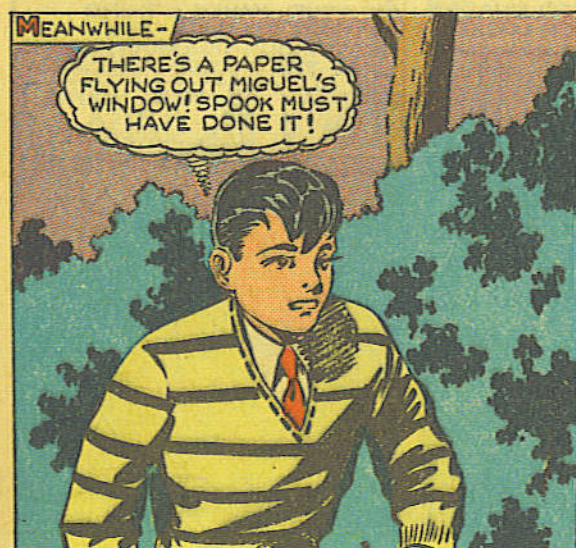
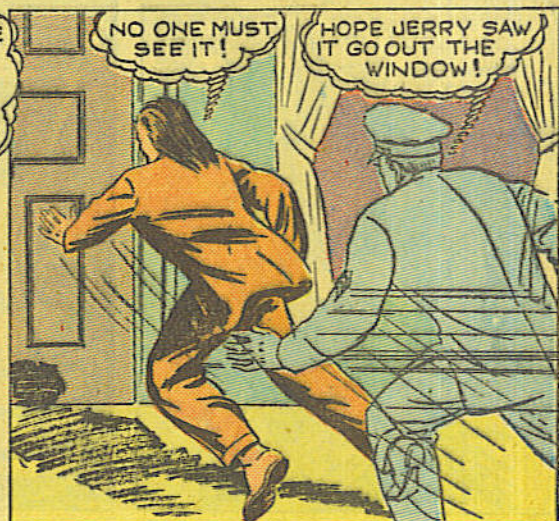
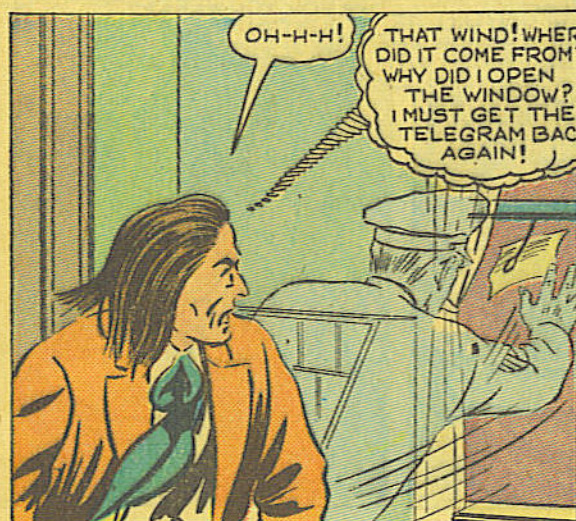
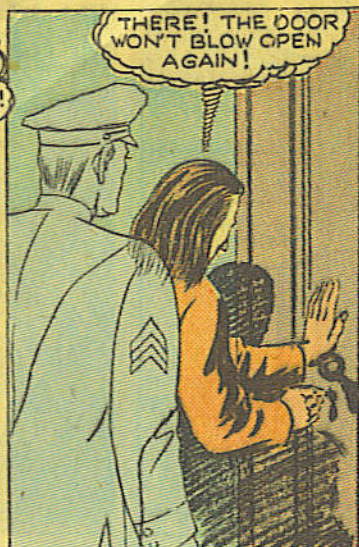
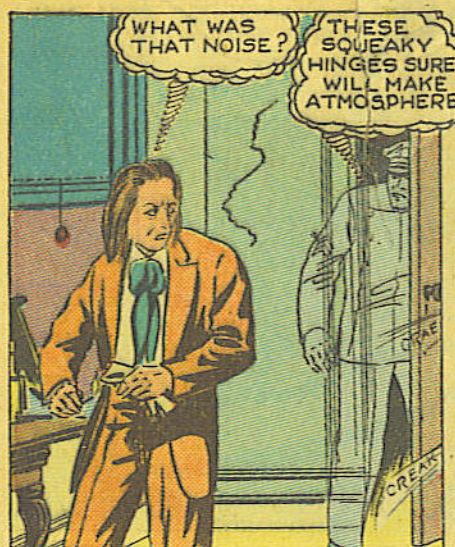


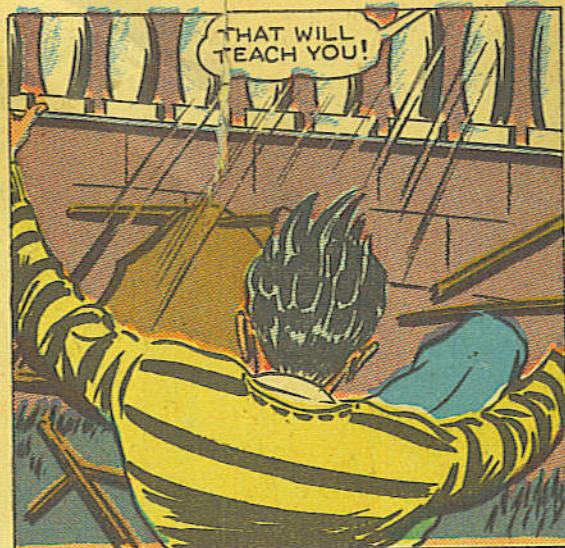
YOUR WAR BONDS GIVE OUR FORCES POWER
BRINGING CLOSER VICTORY'S HOUR





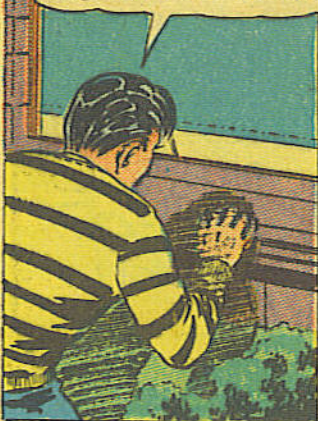






JERRY RETURNS FROM PHONING THE POLICE.

MIGUEL'S DOOR IS LOCKED! LUCKY HE DIDN'T DRAW THIS SHADE ALL THE WAY!

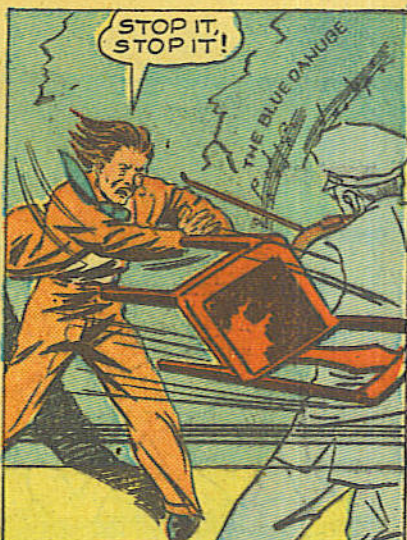


WHAT JERRY SEES--

NO, NO! I AM MAD, IT CANNOT BE!



STOP IT, STOP IT!



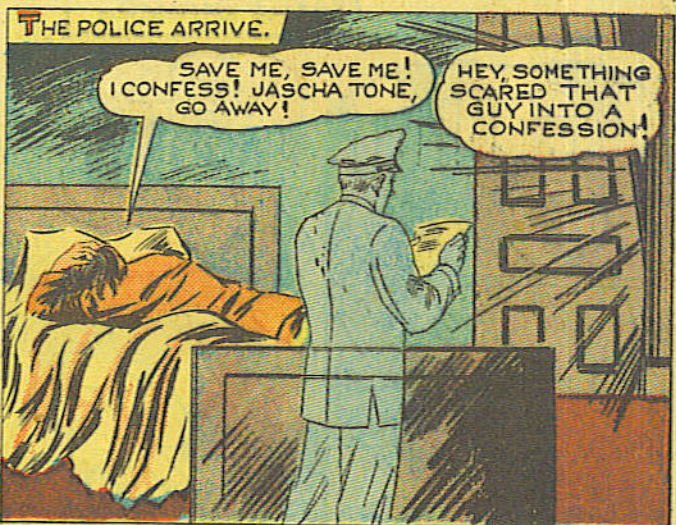
I CAN'T STOP IT! I AM CRAZY! TONE IS HAUNTING ME!



THE POLICE ARRIVE.

SAVE ME, SAVE ME! I CONFESS! JASCHA TONE, GO AWAY!

HEY, SOMETHING SCARED THAT GUY INTO A CONFESSION!



THIS TELEGRAM SAYS TONE WON THE CONTEST, SPOOK, BUT BY AN ERROR MIGUEL WAS TOLD HE HAD WON!

SO IN A JEALOUS FRENZY MIGUEL KILLED TONE. THOUGHT DESTROYING THE TELEGRAM WOULD KEEP SUSPICION AWAY FROM HIM.

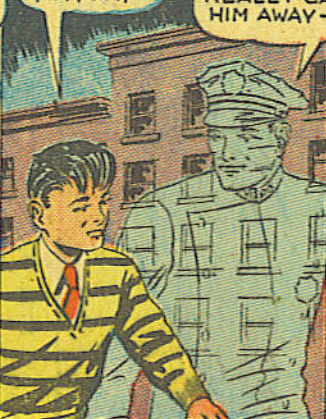


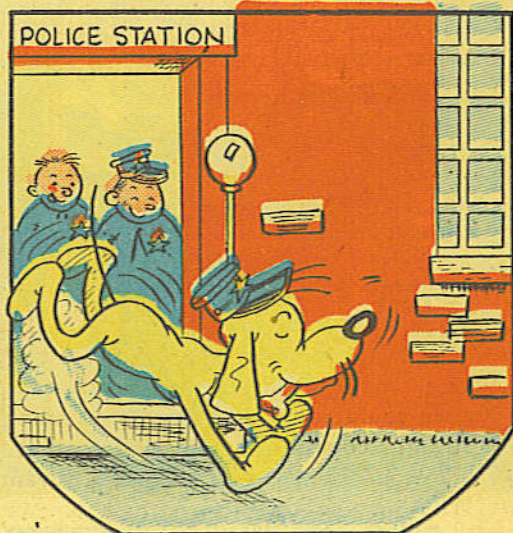
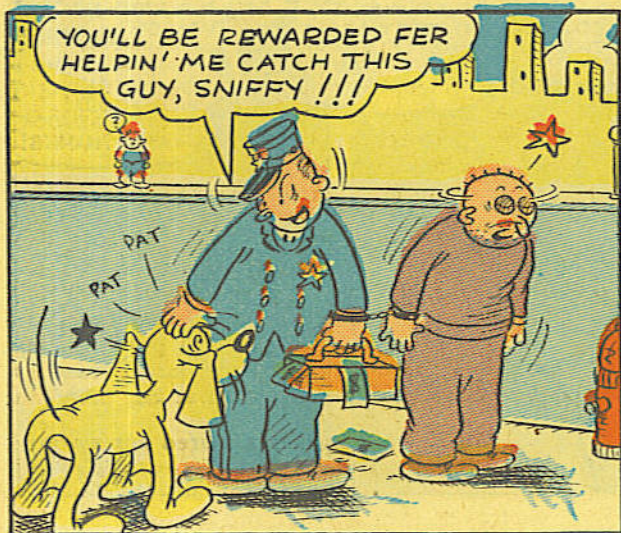
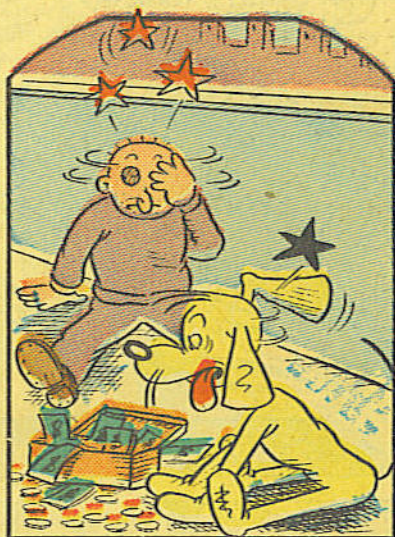
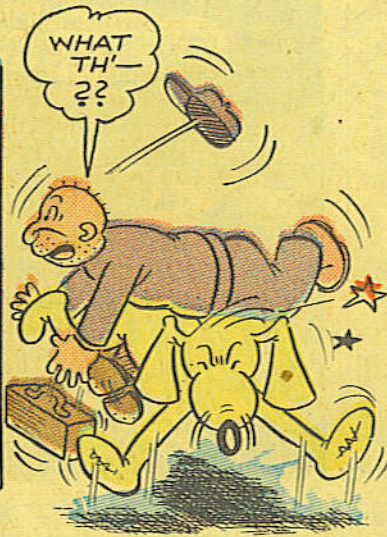
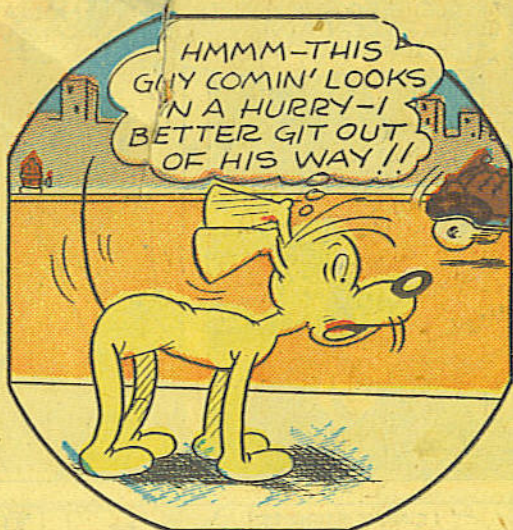
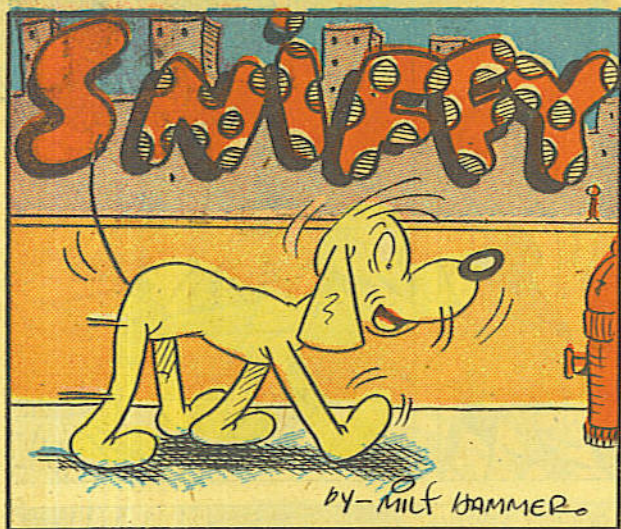
BUT THE CONTEST OFFICIALS WOULD HAVE ADVISED ABOUT THE CHANGE ANYWAY--

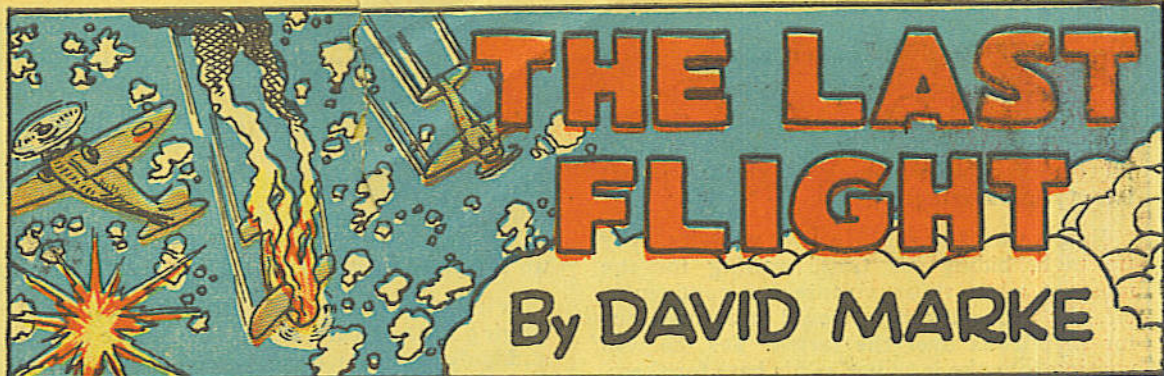
RIGHT, JERRY. HOWEVER, MIGUEL'S ANXIETY ABOUT THE TELEGRAM REALLY GAVE HIM AWAY--

--AND EXPOSED THE MADMAN BEFORE HE COULD DO ANY MORE DAMAGE.

YEAH, THAT AND YOUR MAGIC VIOLIN DID! G'NIGHT, SPOOK--AND THANKS!







ALL through the flotilla, dodging and twisting somewhere in the darkness off Tarawa, men could still find time to hover tensely over loudspeakers, to hear a brave man die.

On the bridge, above and below decks, in the "ready" room, their hearts pounding to the rhythmic tom-tom of the beating engines, his buddies sat huddled in terrible silence, listening, visualizing the scene in the sky—and praying.

Forty Jap torpedo planes were up there, hovering over the flotilla like giant birds of prey, ready to dive in for the kill. And sitting upstairs, Butch was waiting to pounce upon them before they could unleash their deadly fish.

This was what he had been waiting for. Night after night the big Mitsubishis had come hurtling down upon them, with only the AA guns and good old fashioned luck between the fleet and Davy Jones' locker. The solution, thought Butch, lay in squadrons of night fighters to throw up an umbrella of planes under which the fleet could operate in safety. And Butch had convinced the Admiral that he was right.

But this was not as easy as it sounded. There was always the danger of planes colliding in the dark during the take-off from the limited deck of a carrier; the danger of your own pilots mistaking you for a Jap; the danger of zooming through space and close to the water at better than 300 miles an hour; the danger of a night landing on the carrier, if your gas held out and if the carrier could risk the chance of running on a straight course into the wind so that you could land, while Jap subs were gallivanting around. But Butch was willing to risk it. He was that kind of a flyer.

This was the same Butch who away back in February of last year had taken off single-handed from the Lexington to tackle nine of Japan's bombers about to close in on the old carrier. And within minutes, the men on the Lexington had been shouting their heads off as they witnessed a feat never before and never since equalled in this war. Butch had slammed into those Japs and in four minutes of close-in fighting had knocked five planes into the laps of their flaming gods. Before he ran out of ammunition, he had smoked a sixth, all this time utterly disregarding the heavy curtain of ack-ack thrown up by his own ship's pom-pom, which had taken a toll of two Nip bombers.

Yes, a grateful nation had heaped awards and honors and rank upon him, but Butch remained the same guy throughout—a flyer, first, last and always—a Fighting Flyer!

Now, as the sun began to sink below the horizon, the squawk boxes sent up the alarm—"Jap planes approaching!" Almost immediately, "Night Fighters, man your planes!" came over the carrier's loudspeakers, and Butch climbed into his Hellcat. Men called after him, wishing him luck. But cocky as ever, he grinned down at them, "We don't need luck with those cookies."

Every manjack on board knew, as his supercharged whined to a howl, that tonight naval history was being made. For the first time night-fighter planes were to be launched from a carrier. Butch and two companion pilots were to be the guinea pigs. Upon them would depend the further use of a new tactic whose success would mean saving lives and ships. They watched him warm up his engine, take off, bank and climb—watched him streak toward the oncoming Jap bombers. Then they turned back to the deadlier task at hand, the dodging of the torpedoes they expected to fall among them at any moment.

Again the loudspeakers blared out a warning. "A formation of Jap planes closing off our starboard beam." In self-defense first one destroyer, then another and another threw up a screen of flak. Soon the whole task force

was hurling its might at them, making a series of dots and dashes out of the night.

But even during the heat of battle, the sweat-soaked, straining men found time to think of Butch. "Where is he?" they murmured, anxiously scanning the skies. "He left twenty minutes ago."

Butch was around. He was upstairs, way up high, biding his time, waiting for the moment when those vultures so confidently circling above the fleet would straighten out for their runs over the target. Yes, he was waiting to make it as hot as his hate for them.

And Butch hated the Japs all right. He had been the first man to land his plane on the airstrip on Tarawa the day before, and he had seen the field soaked with the blood of his buddies, their broken and torn bodies lying about, and he hated, hated to the very fibre of his soul. And that's why he now waited—waited to make sure that every shot would count—that every shot would wipe out a hated Jap.

Now the Nips got down to business. Swooping and turning they loosed float lights. Millions of candlepower strong they bathed the task force. The dreaded moment had come! Remembering that to stand flat-footed might mean a broken ankle, the men on deck strained upward on their toes to take the shock of the torpedoes.

"Where's Butch?" cried one of the men in a hoarse, strained voice. "What good is he doing?"

As if to answer this lack of faith, the startled men heard his voice coming in over the loudspeakers as radiomen picked up his interplane conversation. It was a cool, crisp voice, and the men listened intently.

"Andy, we're in them. You take what side you want."

"I'll take port, sir."

Phillips, flying the other wing, was heard. "Butch, do you see those flares over there?"

"Never mind, Phil. Turn on your cockpit light. Looks like we're in millions of Japs. I want to be sure that I'm drilling the right guy."

Straining ears could hear the whine of Hellcats above the scream of steel. Outnumbered more than thirteen to one, Butch and the boys were teaching those henchmen something about flying and fighting. Disorganized, fearful of the death that rode among them, the Nips began shooting one another. In vain they tried to keep formation, to get on their runs, to loose their torpedoes. It was not to be. The Hellcats were too much for them.

Tensed in body yet relaxed in mind now, the fleet listened to the three heroes up there in the sky.

"Phil, this is Butch. I think I got me a Jap."

And a triumphant cheer went up as the loudspeakers announced, "Butch shot down a Jap plane. It is believed that he has broken up the Japs' main torpedo-plane attack."

With the announcement and cheers still ringing in their ears, the excited voice of Phil suddenly burst in upon them.

"Butch, watch out! There's a Jap joining up on you, coming in high!"

The whining motors merged into an hysterical, screaming crescendo as the planes bobbed and weaved in the sky.

Then men on deck were worried. "If Butch told Phil to put on his cockpit light for recognition, he must have kept his own on. That'll give the Jap a perfect target. O God!" cried one of them.

A lookout reported a plane exploded over the horizon, just as Phil's voice came in once again. "Butch, this is duck soup if you ride in on their slipstream and then just pick them off one at a time."

But there was no answer.

Again, Phil's voice came in. "Butch, this is Phil. Over!"

Still no answer.

Again, voice bordering on the hysterical, Phil cut in.

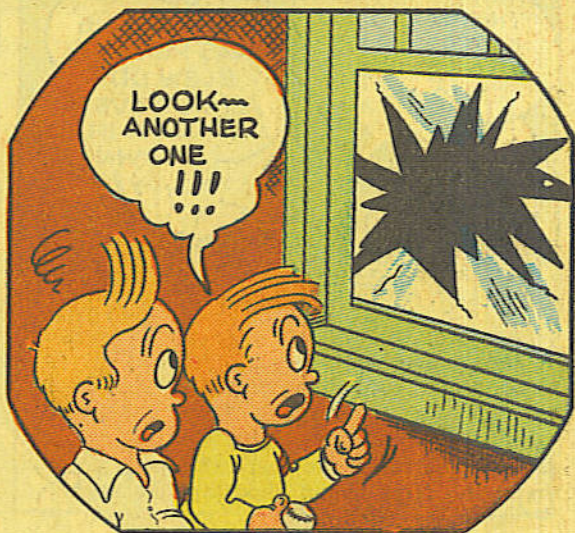
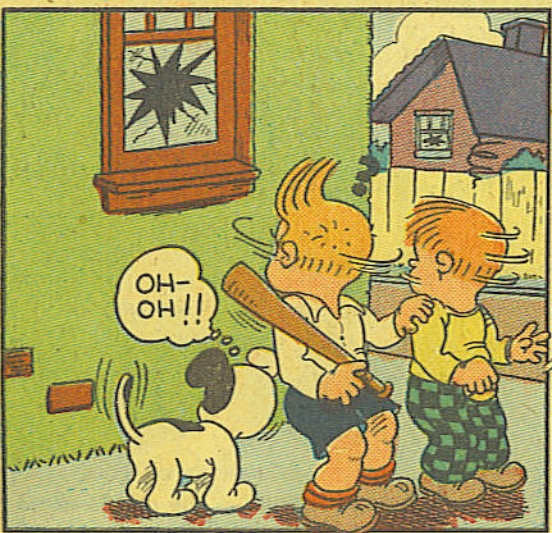
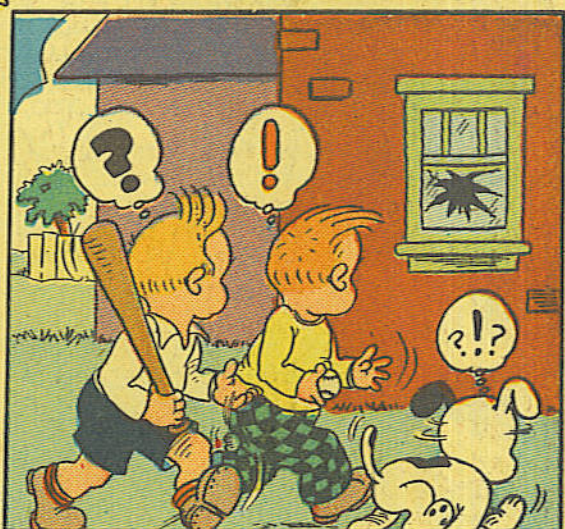
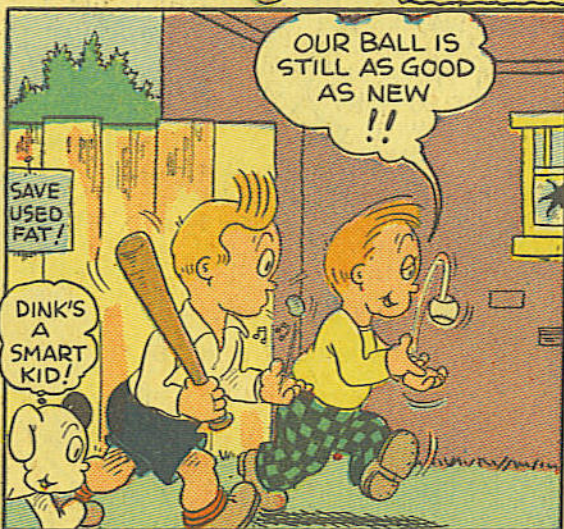
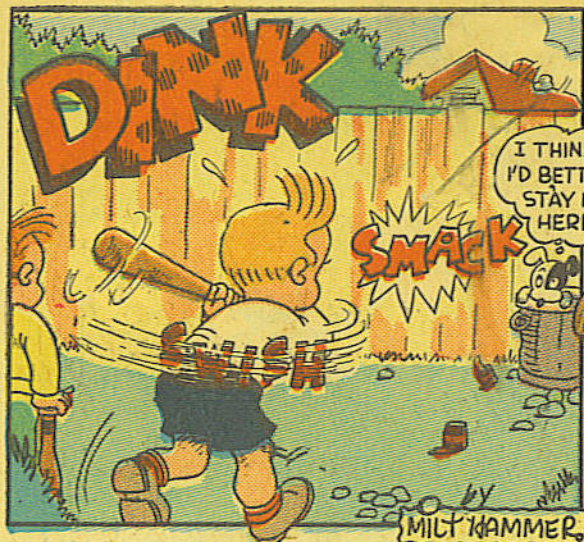
"Butch, this is Phil. Over! . . . BUTCH, this is Phil. OVER! . . . BUTCH, THIS IS PHIL. OVER! . . . BUTCH . . . !"

Andy now cut in, "I saw Butch's light go out a little while back and he dropped down into the darkness."

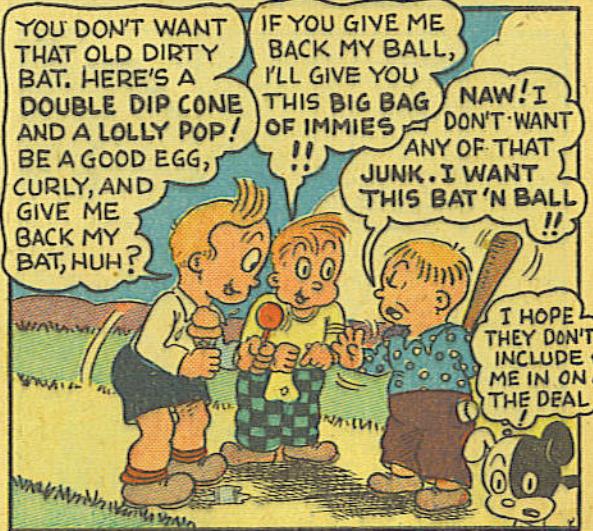
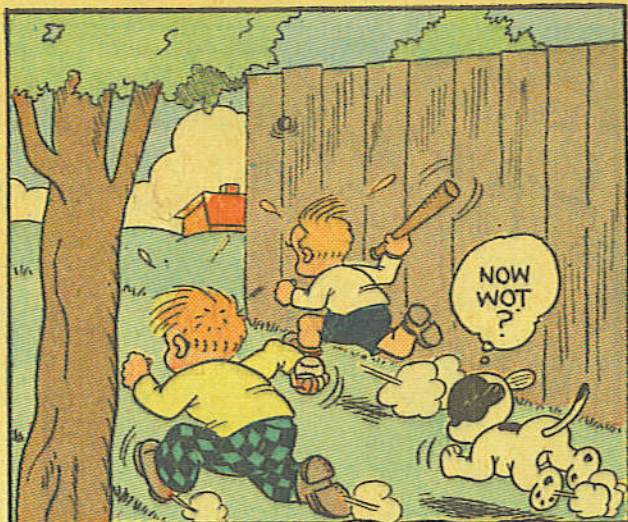
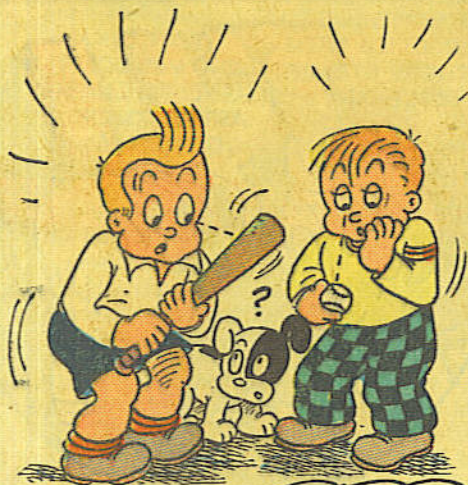
While this throat-gripping conversation carried on, the Japs dropped their fish haphazardly and fled in confusion, still shooting at each other. And what had seemed to be certain, inevitable destruction of the ships turned into a complete rout for the Nips.

And the men in the fleet knew that although Butch might be down, the plan he formed had been a success, and so long as ships remained afloat and in the air, so long would Lieutenant Commander Butch O'Hare remain in the hearts and in the minds of fellow countrymen everywhere.

THE END



BUY EVERY BOND YOU CAN AFFORD
EACH ONE IS LIKE A MIGHTY SWORD

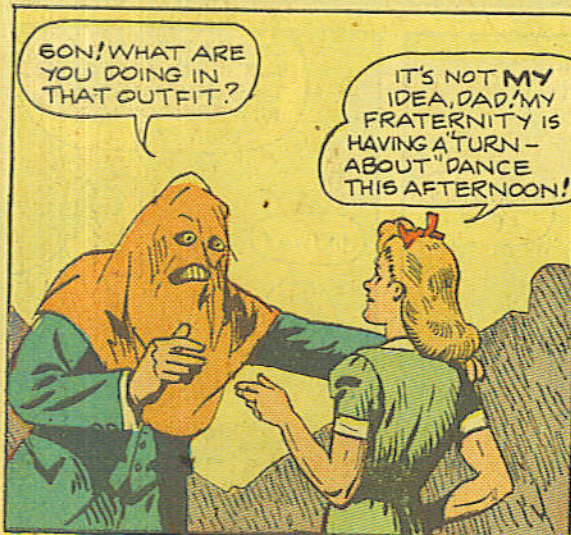
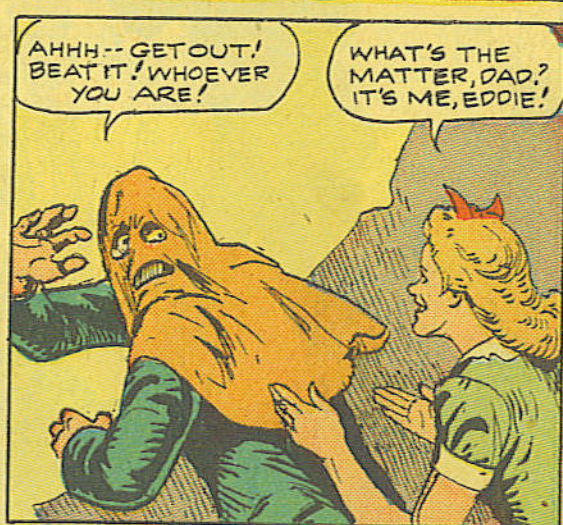
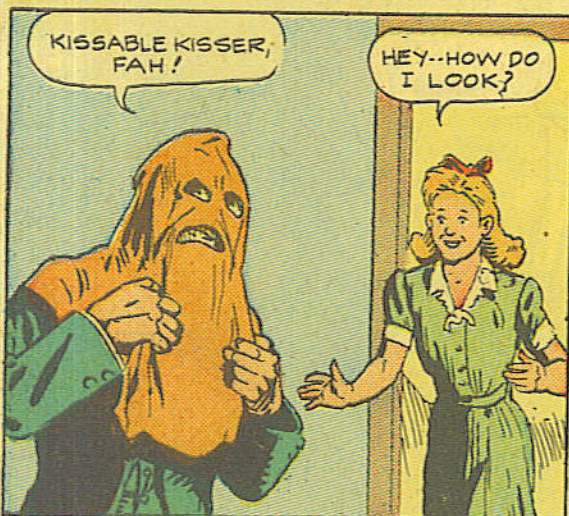


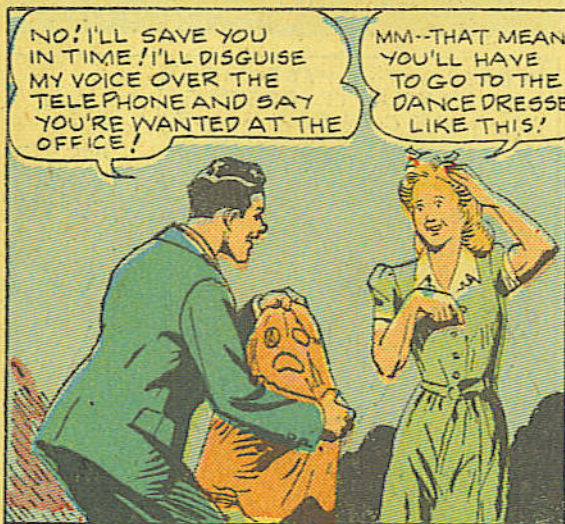
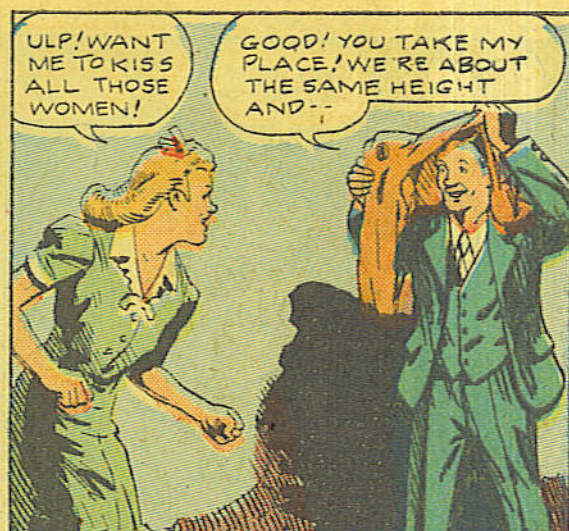
BUY THOSE BONDS! IT'S ONLY FAIR!
TO HELP OUR BOYS OVER THERE

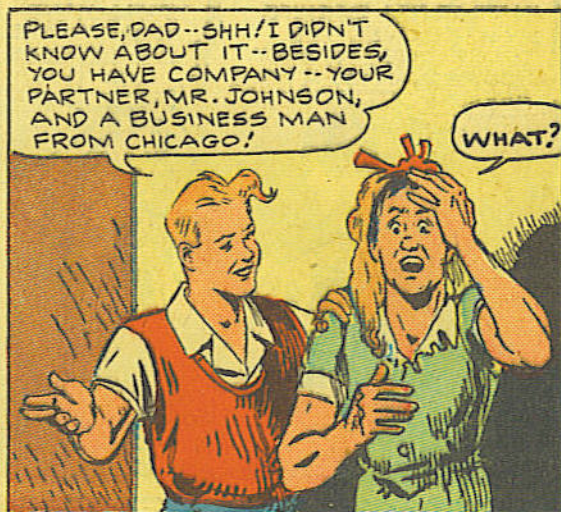
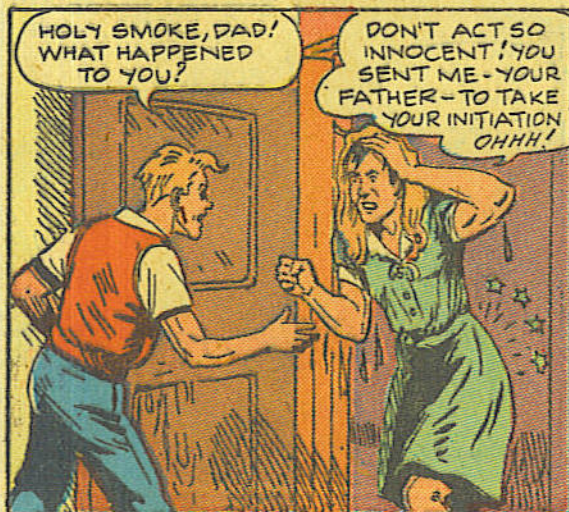
Edison BELL

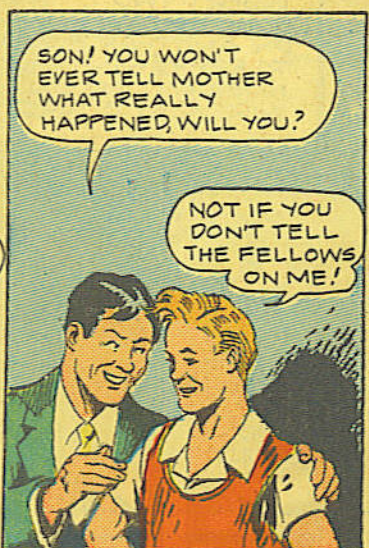
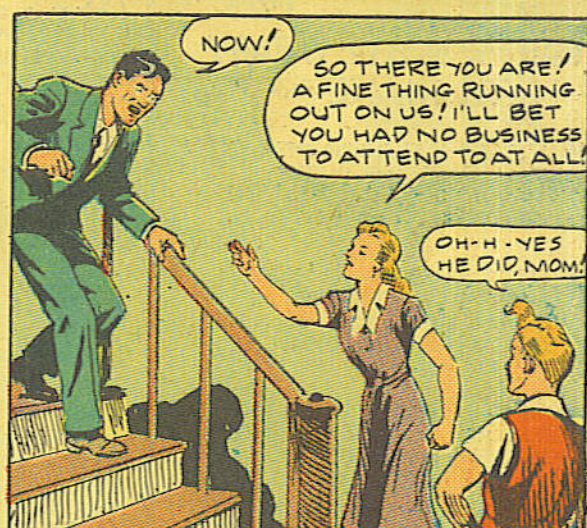
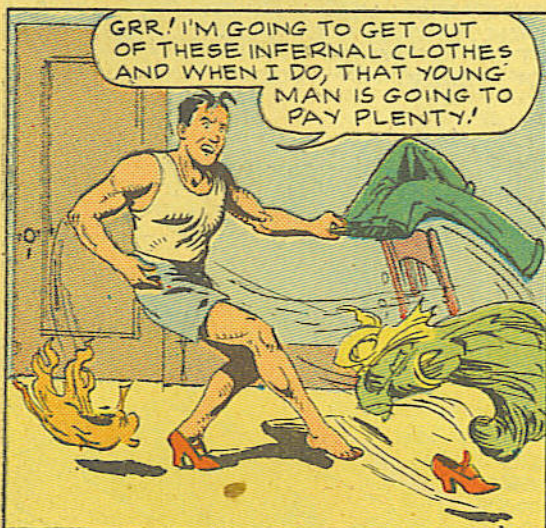
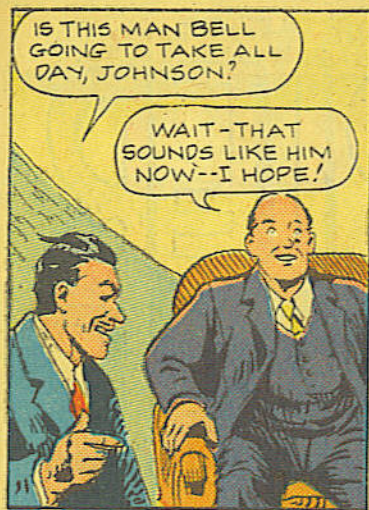


SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.









Edison
Bell

SHOWS US HOW
TO MODEL

MASKS

By *AY*

PAPIER-MÂCHÉ IS EASY
TO MAKE

- TEAR A BUNCH OF NEWSPAPERS INTO THIN STRIPS. TEAR THE STRIPS INTO SQUARES.
- PUT SHREDDED PAPER INTO A LARGE POT AND COVER WITH WATER. LET STAND OVERNIGHT.
- IN THE MORNING MIX IN ENOUGH FLOUR TO GIVE ENTIRE MASS THE CONSISTENCY OF PUTTY.
- USE IT AS YOU WOULD MODELING CLAY. WHEN YOUR DESIGN IS SET, LET IT STAND UNTIL IT IS THOROUGHLY DRY.

" OUT OF

PAPIER-MÂCHÉ

AS A FOUNDATION UPON WHICH TO WORK, SHAPE A SIMPLE REPRODUCTION OF YOUR OWN FACE OUT OF A BLOCK OF WOOD.



FRONT VIEW



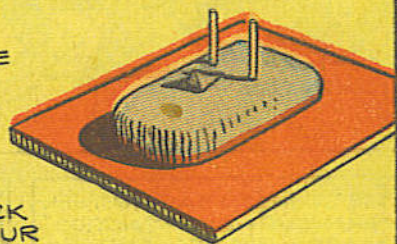
SIDE VIEW



TOP VIEW

SIMPLY ROUND OFF THE EDGES OF A BLOCK OF WOOD THE WIDTH, DEPTH AND LENGTH OF YOUR FACE.

TO FINISH THE FACE BLOCK, DRILL TWO HOLES WHERE THE EYES ARE LOCATED AND INSERT TWO DOWELS, FASTEN ON ANOTHER BLOCK TO REPRESENT YOUR NOSE. MOUNT ON A WIDE, FLAT BOARD.



NOW TO MAKE A MASK

GREASE THE SURFACE OF THE FACE BLOCK AND BOARD WELL-- THEN PLOP ON LOTS OF PAPIER MÂCHÉ.



MODEL THE FEATURES WITH YOUR FINGERS-- WIERD EFFECTS WILL COME AS IF BY MAGIC-- UNTIL YOU'RE SATISFIED WITH THE RESULT. THEN LET DRY.



WHEN DRY, REMOVE FROM THE BOARD. IT MAY BE CARVED WITH A KNIFE OR SANDPAPERED. NOW YOU MAY PAINT IT, ADD BITS OF HAIR, ETC..



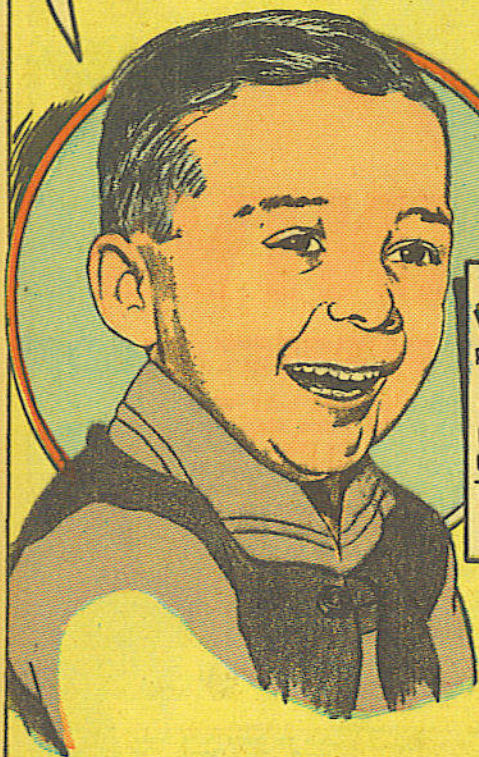
SAVE EVERY SCRAP OF WASTE PAPER.

HAVE YOU HEARD

THESE YOUNG RADIO STARS?

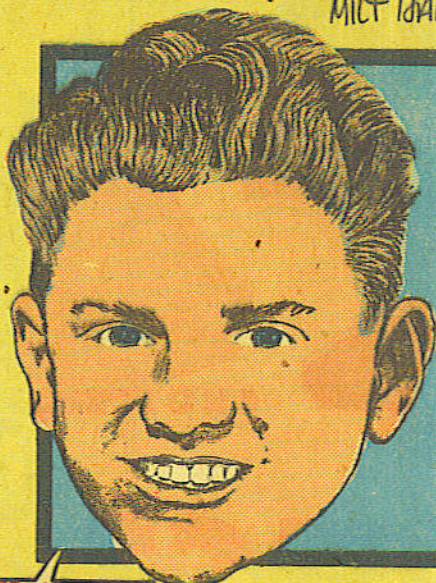
by
MILT HAMMER.

BOBBY HOOKEY, "THE ROCKING HORSE KID", IS ONLY 7, BUT HE IS THE YOUNGEST EMCEE IN RADIO...BOBBY'S BEEN HEARD ON RADIO SINCE HE WAS 2...HE WAS RECENTLY MADE A MASCOT OF THE BROOKLYN DODGERS BASEBALL TEAM...YOUNGEST WAR BOND SALESMAN IN THE COUNTRY...HOOKEY HALL IS HEARD EVERY SATURDAY MORNING OVER THE MUTUAL NETWORK...



DICKIE VAN PATTEN

PLAYS MARK BROWN IN THE NBC SERIAL YOUNG WIDDER BROWN.. DICKIE WHO IS NOW 15 BEGAN HIS ACTING AT THE AGE OF 5...LIKES HANDBALL AND RIDING HORSES...

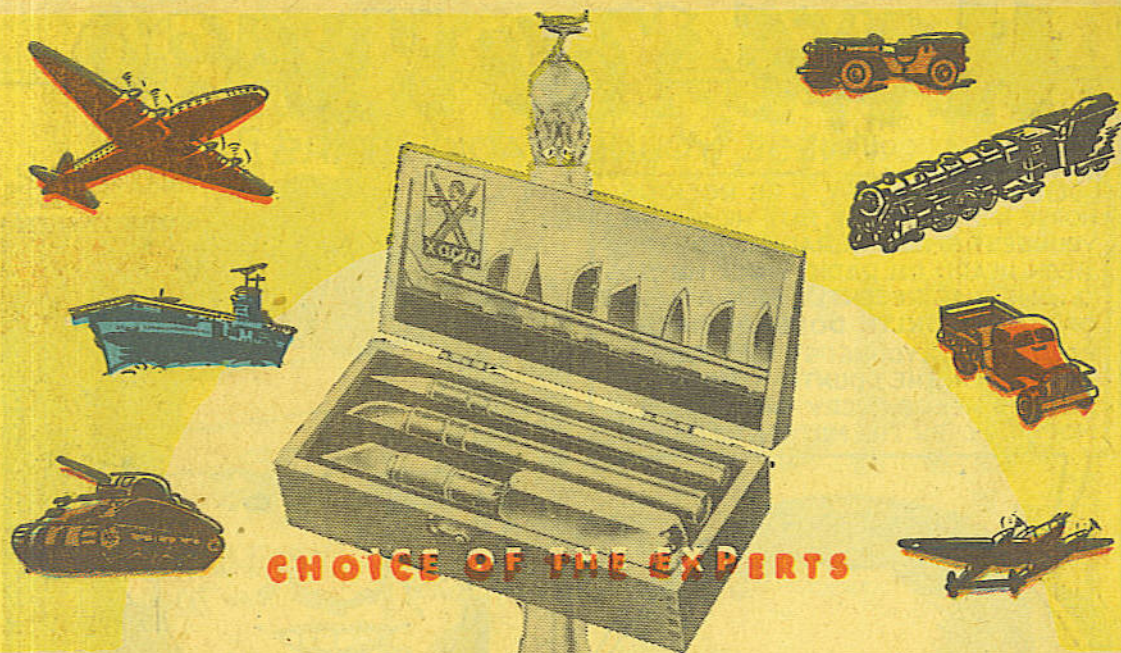


11 YEAR OLD **LORNA LYNN** IS THE KATHLEEN THAT YOU HEAR DANNY O'NEILL SINGING TO 5 DAYS A WEEK OVER CBS...YOU MIGHT REMEMBER HER AS BEULAH, THE CALF ON THE ED WYNN SHOW...WHEN NOT ACTING ON THE RADIO, LORNA LIKES TO READ MYSTERY STORIES... LORNA HAS HAD MANY MOVIE OFFERS, BUT SHE PREFERS RADIO ACTING....



MORE YOUNG RADIO STARS NEXT MONTH..

BUY EVERY BOND YOU CAN AFFORD
EACH ONE IS LIKE A MIGHTY SWORD



X-acto KNIVES

THE PERFECT TOOL FOR A PERFECT MODEL



You wouldn't play baseball with a cracked bat? Well then why try to make a perfect model plane, ship, gun or train with dull, ordinary knives. Use the same knives that the experts use . . . X-ACTO! They're the finest in surgical steel carving and cutting knives you'll find anywhere. Always sharp and ready to use because the blades are interchangeable . . . just slip out the dull and insert a new sharp blade. Shaped to give you the point, angle, or surface you want for a particular cut. Quickly changes amateurs to experts. Write today for your X-ACTO knives . . . use the "Choice of the Experts."

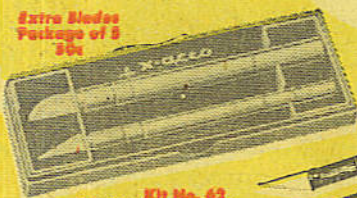


No. 82 Knife Chest
3 X-ACTO knife handles with 12 assorted steel blades. Compact in wooden chest. Priced at \$3.50.

No. 83 Deluxe Champion Set
Same as No. 82. All burnished aluminum handles and 20 assorted blades. \$5.00. (See above)

Order your X-ACTO today . . . on display at most leading HARDWARE, HOBBY SHOPS or DEPARTMENT stores . . . or send coupon direct to X-acto Crescent Products Co., 440-4th Ave., New York 16, N. Y. If your dealer cannot supply you.

4 BIG BOOKS
How To Build Solid Scale Model War Planes; The "Whittlers" and Woodcrafters' Handbook; Twelve Techniques for the Artist, Student and Teacher; Commercial Artists' Handbook. Price 10c each.



Kit No. 63
Double knife set, 2 handles and 12 assorted blades. Complete \$2.00.

No. 1—31

No. 2 or No. 32

Light and heavy duty knives. Each complete with 1 blade . . . 50c each. Same knives with 5 blades . . . \$1.00 each.

X-ACTO CRESCENT PRODUCTS CO.,
Dept. 2712, 440—4th Avenue,
New York 16, N. Y.

Send at once X-ACTO I have checked. It is understood if I am not satisfied I may return within five days for refund.
☐ I will pay postman \$. . . plus postage and C.O.D. charges on arrival.
☐ Enclosed find \$. . . in full payment. (No postage charge.)
X-ACTO desired: ☐ Kit No. 82, \$3.50. ☐ Kit No. 83, \$5.00.
☐ Kit No. 62, \$2.00 ☐ No. 1 (light) with one blade 50c
☐ No. 51 with 5 extra assorted blades, \$1.00 ☐ No. 2 (heavy) with one blade 50c ☐ No. 32—with 5 extra assorted blades \$1.00.
(No C.O.D.'s on orders under \$2.00.)

NAME (Please Print Plainly)

STREET

CITY & ZONE STATE

NOTE: If you live outside of U. S. A., send money order in U. S. funds.

**NEVER A DULL MOMENT
RE-BLADE TO RE-SHARPEN**

Imagine! THESE LOVELY FLOWERS GLOW IN THE DARK

DAY OR NIGHT, NEW FASCINATING GLAMOR FOR YOUR HAIR, DRESS OR COAT

More lovely, more unusual, more fascinating than any brooch, pin or hair novelty you may wear... these amazingly lifelike flowers are a marvelous bargain. By day they excite envious comment. By night, glowing like magic with a soft lovely light they become the rage everywhere. Now no need to wear the cheap looking pins one gets today, for you can have the most expensive looking ornament to lend sparkling new glamor to your appearance for every occasion, at a price so low it's really amazing. They're different. They're sensational.

APPROX. $\frac{3}{4}$
ACTUAL
SIZE



Dainty TEA ROSE CLUSTER

GLOWS IN THE DARK

Smart, chic style dictates a delicate cluster of soft-colored, "cuddly" rosebuds for certain costumes, and certain moods. Here's a lovely nestling cluster of 3 dainty Tea Roses that everyone adores. Rose, a pink, and yellow, almost full blown, they're bewitching by day, and at night they glow softly, strangely, with amazing new allure. And here's wonderful news! You can examine this splendid Tea Rose cluster on approval... wear it, thrill to its beauty, and if not delighted you pay nothing. Check Tea Rose on coupon and mail order today.

APPROX. $\frac{3}{4}$
ACTUAL
SIZE



Free!
SINGLE TEA ROSE
THAT GLOWS IN THE DARK
Given FREE of Extra Cost
with Any Order

This delicately glamorous, alluring single Tea Rose that Glows In The Dark is waiting for you, and will be sent FREE of extra cost as your reward for prompt action, with any order. It's new. It's different. It's lovely. For your hair, dress or coat. And it's yours, given if you send coupon now.

**Mail
Coupon
Now!**

Glamorous GARDENIA **GLOWS IN THE DARK**

There's nothing more enticing for your hair, dress or coat than this exquisite, enchanting, simulated Gardenia. This lovely flower will not wilt or die, but is yours to wear for any occasion. When you wear this magnificent Gardenia by day, folks admire. At night they exclaim in admiration as it glows in the dark. Yet you don't pay a big price, not \$5, not \$3, not even \$2 for this amazing flower, but only \$1 if you act at once. Mail on approval coupon today.

★ SEND NO MONEY... Here's more wonderful news!

Beautiful flowers that GLOW IN THE DARK, on approval! Yes, unless you're thrilled, delighted... unless your friends exclaim in admiration and envy you your glamorous possessions, your money back! You need send no money. Just check flowers wanted on coupon. Note the special introductory, generous money-saving combination offers. All are truly amazing bargains. Send no money. Just mail coupon. On arrival, pay your postman the exact amount, plus postage (if money comes with your order we pay the postage).

Then examine, wear. Compare with any ornament it's possible to obtain, and after 10 full days, if you can bear to part with these lovely creations, simply return them for your money back. Isn't that a fair, generous offer? Then don't wait. Mail coupon now, while it's before you.

1 $\frac{1}{2}$
ACTUAL
SIZE

Lifelike ORCHID

**GLOWS
IN THE DARK**

Yes, this lifelike, gorgeous orchid glows in the dark and is a sensation wherever you go. It's so lifelike, so much like the exact color, look, feel of the costly orchid that it actually looks real. It's gorgeous by day, and at night it seems a rare, shimmering jewel. It helps beautify your every costume. And the price is almost unbelievable, only \$1 on this special offer. And you test at our risk. Mail coupon and you must be overjoyed, delighted, or money back.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

CHARMS & CAIN, Dept. 182-SS
407 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

Please send Glowing Flowers As I Have Marked.

**FREE TEA ROSE
COUPON**

..... Glowing Tea Rose Clusters (In Addition to Free Single Tea Rose)

..... Glowing Orchids

..... Glowing Gardenias

NOTE: You may select any Flower shown, or any assortment. Be sure to mark quantity.

☐ 1 Glowing Flower—\$1.00

☐ 3 at one time—\$2.50

☐ 2 at one time—\$1.70

☐ 7 at one time—\$5.00

(There is no tax on Glowing Flowers)

FREE with any order 1 Glow In The Dark Single Tea Rose, for prompt action. Upon delivery I will pay postman the proper amount plus a few cents postage and C. O. D. charges.

Name _____

Address _____

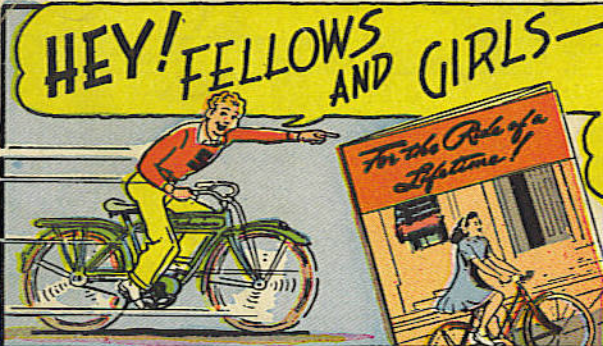
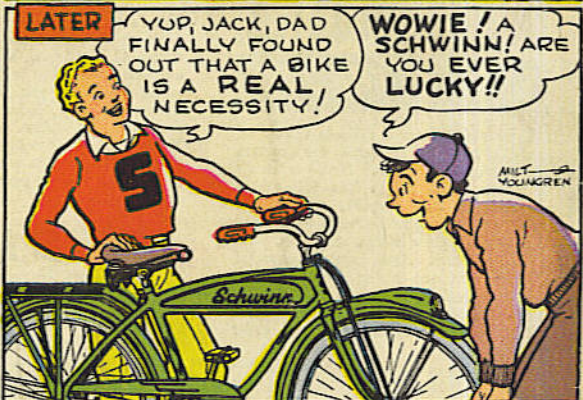
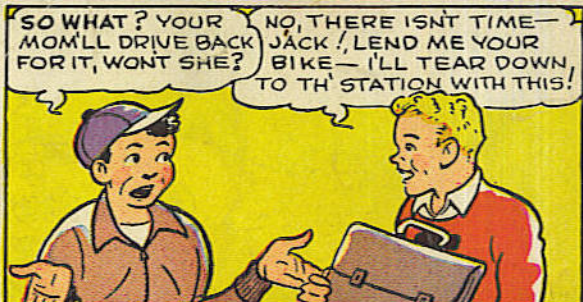
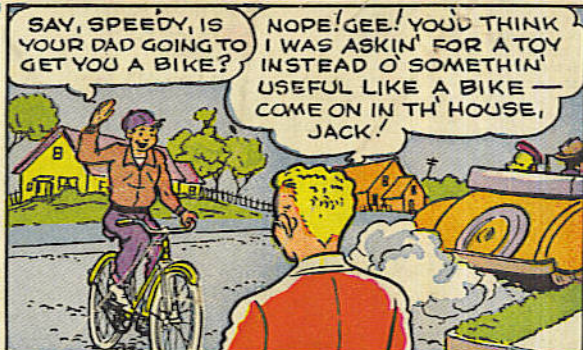
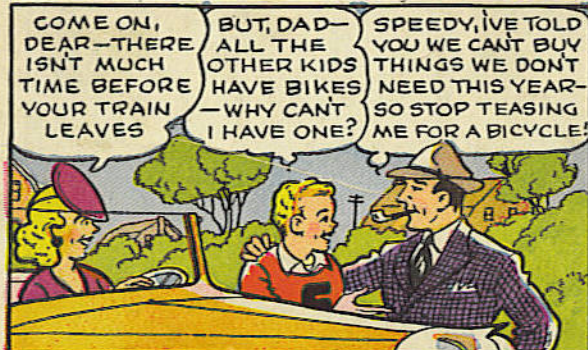
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(Postage Prepaid if Cash or Money Order is Enclosed)

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Chicago 5, Illinois

SPEEDY WHEELER

**SAVES THE DAY
AND
WINS A BIKE**



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It's super! Packed with color pictures of Hollywood headliners on their Schwinn-Built Bicycles—famous for speed, safety, easy-riding. It's yours free—but supply is limited. To get your copy—mail coupon right now.

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